HUMAN TORCH CAPTAIN AMERICA SUB-MARINER

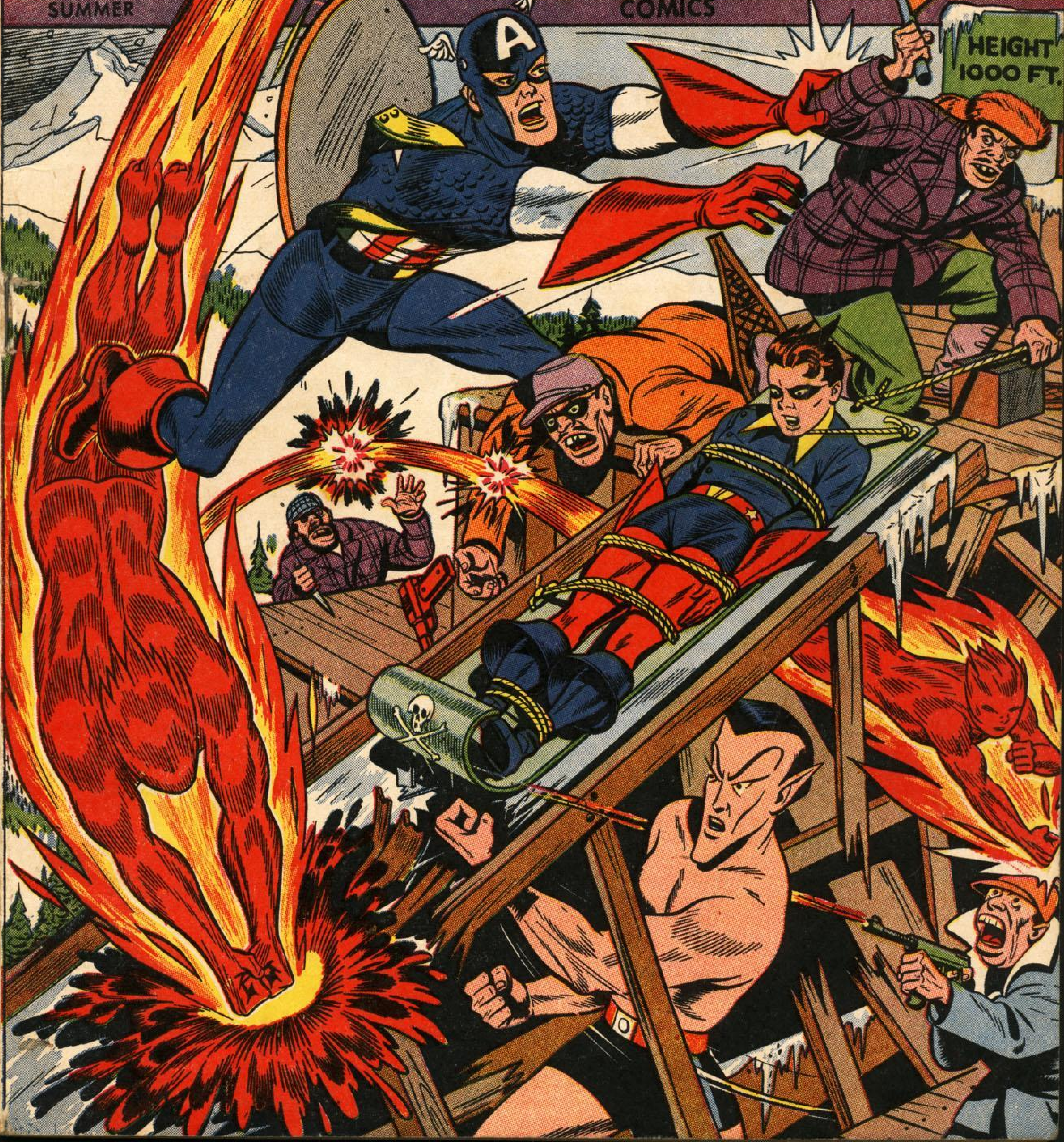
Featured in

ALL SELECT

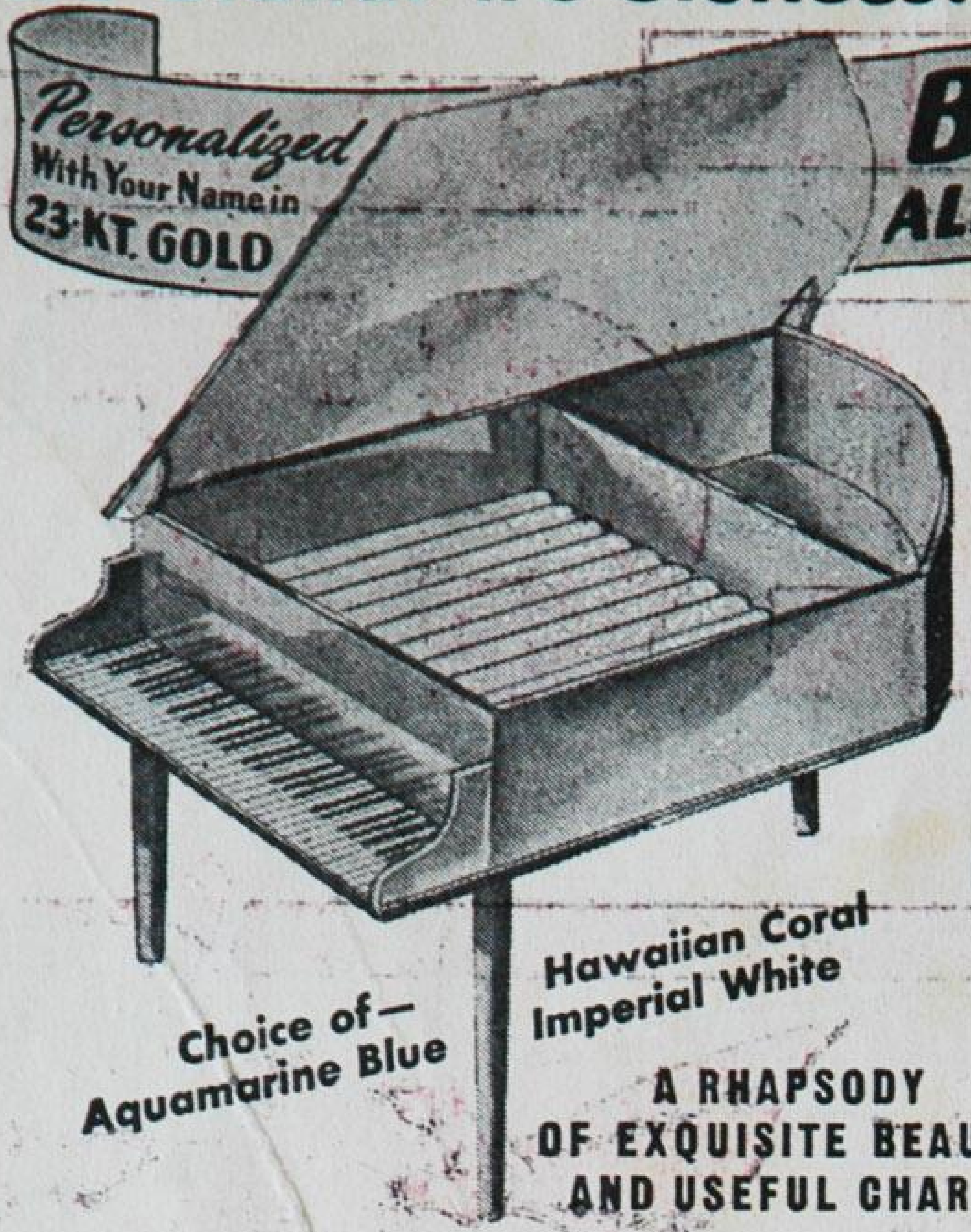
10¢

NO. 10

SUMMER COMICS


HEIGHT
1000 FT.

It's Grand! It's Glorious... and it GLOWS IN THE DARK



BABY GRAND ALL PURPOSE MINIATURE $1.95 POST PAID

It's a Grand CIGARETTE BOX
It's a Grand JEWEL BOX
It's a Grand COSMETIC CASE
It's a Grand CANDY DISH

DAVID F READE
GLOW
IN THE DARK
KEYBOARD

Personalized WITH YOUR NAME IN **23-Kt. GOLD**

★

Sold on an "Examine At Our Risk"
GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION
Yes, if you don't feel that your Baby Grand is everything you expected you may return it in 5 days for a refund.

A RHAPSODY OF EXQUISITE BEAUTY AND USEFUL CHARM

You'll say it's the loveliest of post-war plastic thrills! This skillfully crafted, authentic reproduction of a Baby Grand Piano—scaled down to delicate miniature proportions, with its clever keyboard that actually *Glows in the Dark*, plus your name embossed in 23-Kt. GOLD on its graceful top to identify it as *personally yours*. And it's as *dutiful* as it is *beautiful*. Yes, its ornamental grace and charm is only part of the joy of pleasurable, treasurable ownership . . . for when the top opens you have a truly smart Cigarette Box, a luxurious Jewel Case, a delightful Cosmetic Case, or a grand Candy and Nut Dish. But whatever use you find for your Baby Grand, we know you'll agree it's the loveliest of lovely household accessories . . so smart, so decorative, so charming—you'll be equally delighted to *give* it or *receive* it as a grand gift.

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1 for $1.95 2 for $3.50 3 for $5.00

Name Wanted in Gold ______________________
(If more than one, please print on separate sheet of paper)

Color and Quantity Wanted: Coral_____ Blue_____ White_____

CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing $__________payment in full. Ship Postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D To assure my acceptance of Baby Grands personalized especially for me I am enclosing a good-faith deposit of $_________and will pay postman the balance of $_________ plus postage.

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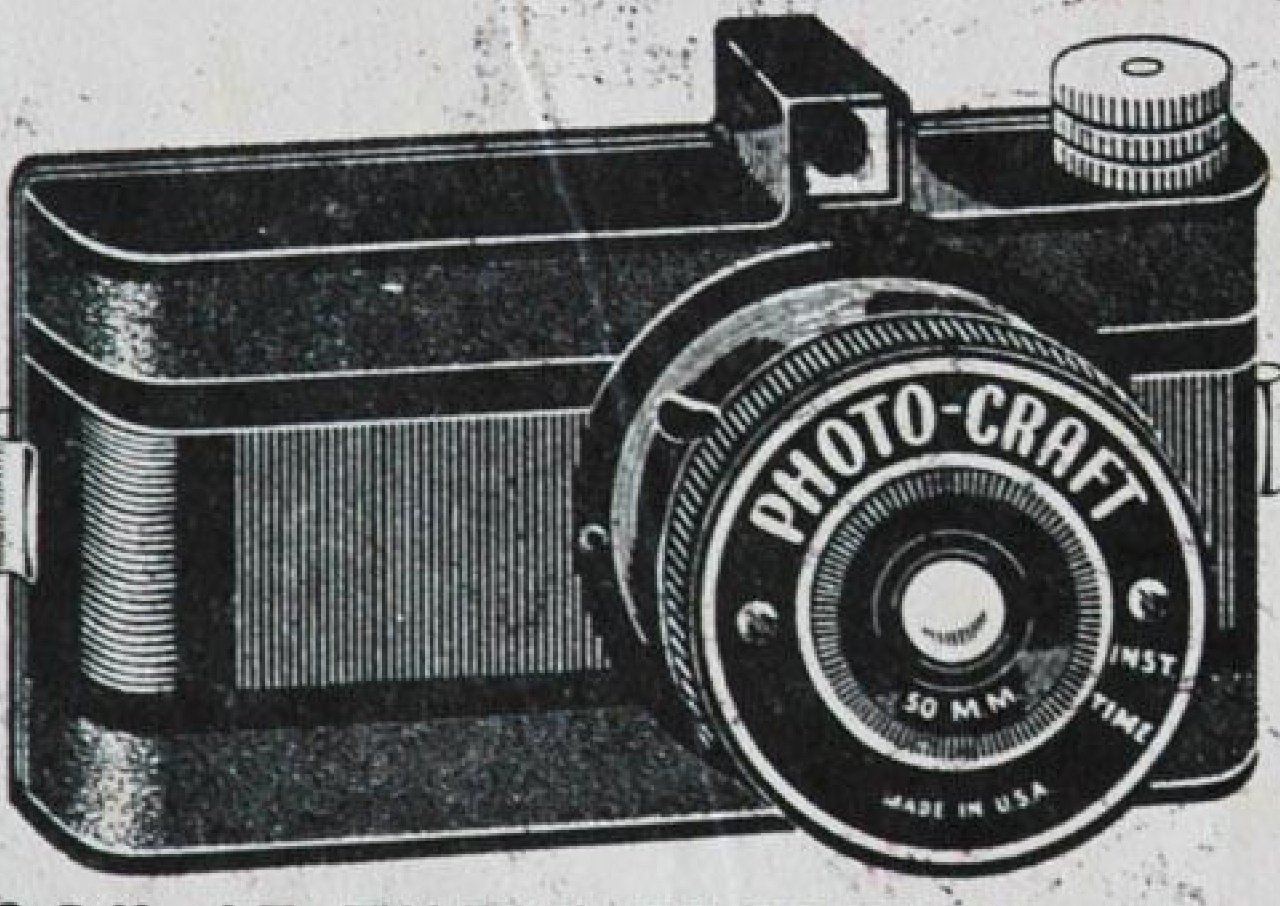

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DAVID F READE
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CARRYING CASE With Handy Shoulder Strap INCLUDED

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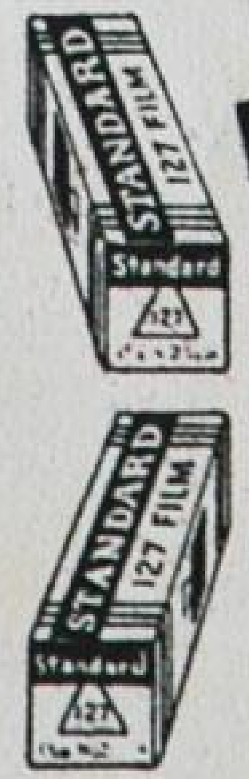

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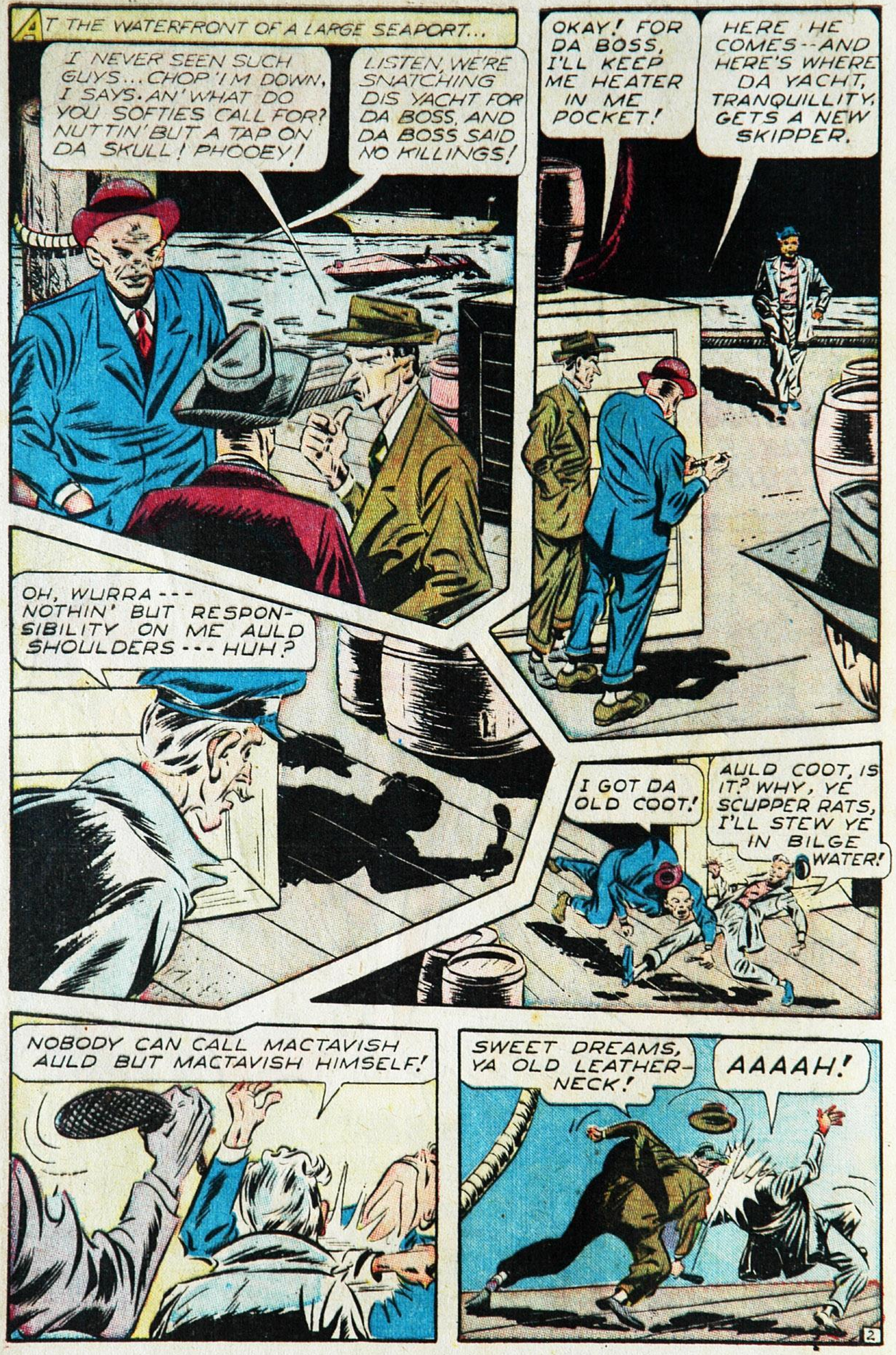
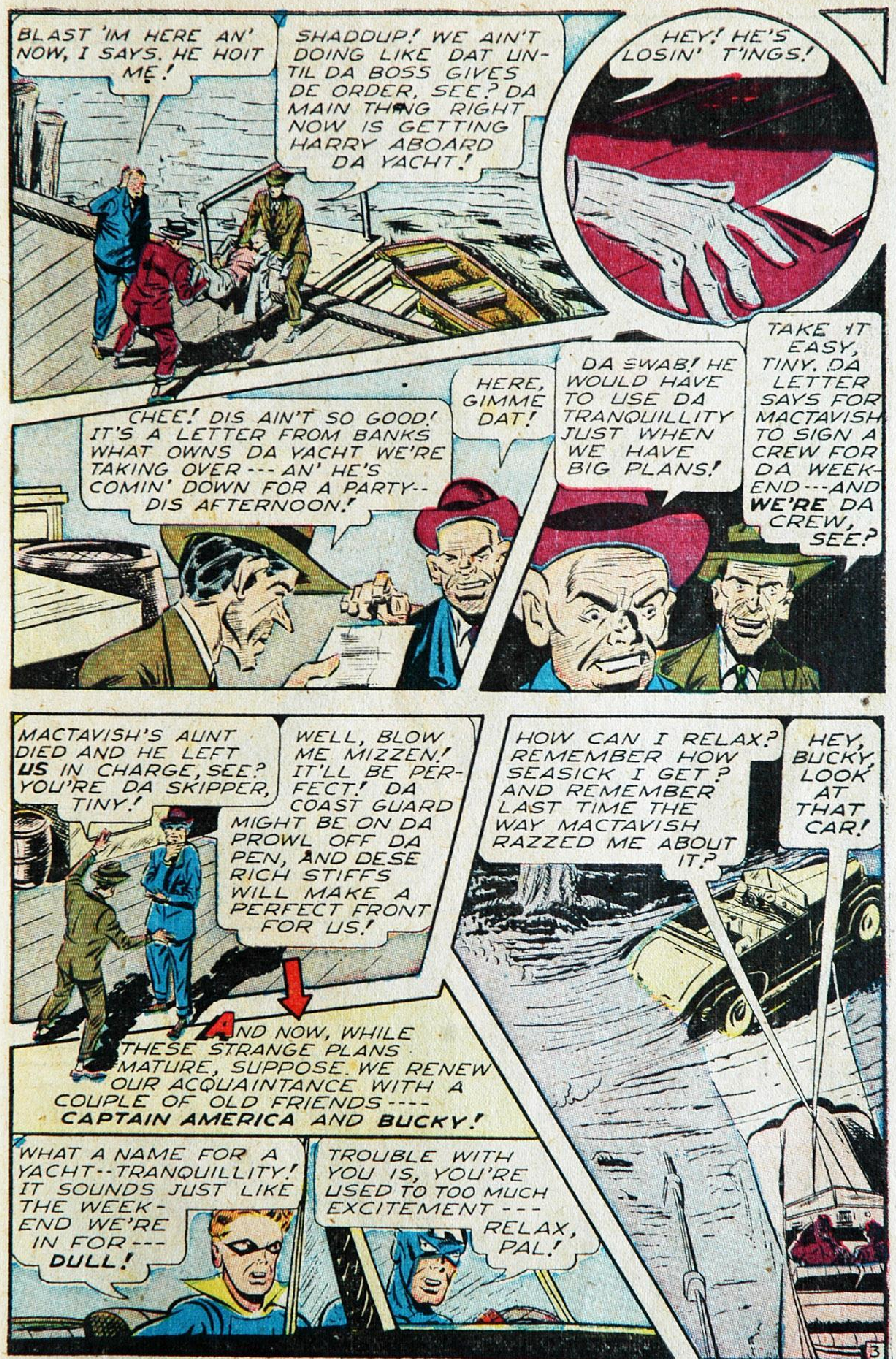
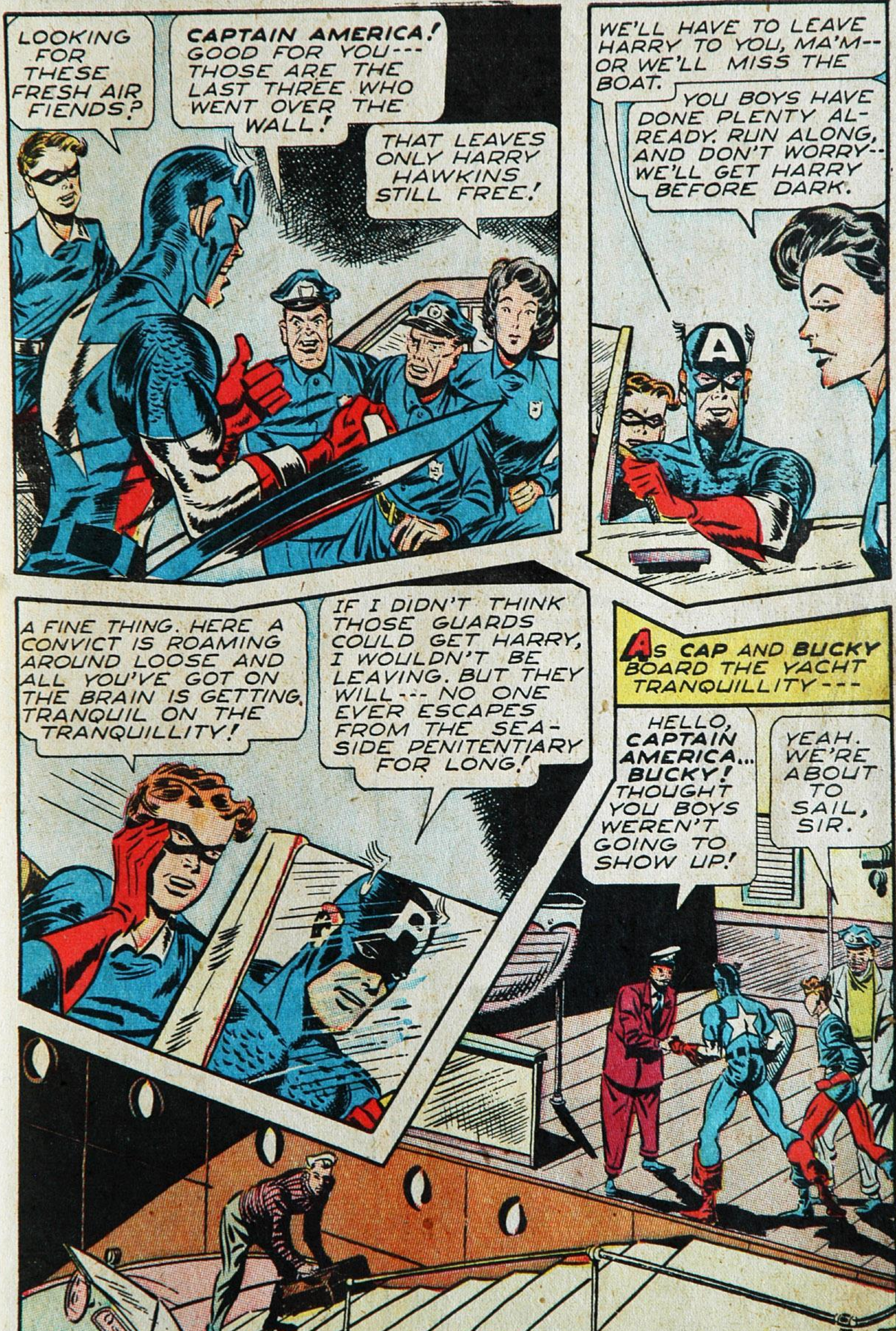
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE NAME ON HER BOW IS TRANQUILLITY--BUT THE CREW ON HER DECK SPELLS TROUBLE! AND WHAT BEGINS AS JUST ANOTHER WEEK-END OF YACHTING, RUNS INTO A TIDAL WAVE OF TURBULENCE--WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY HARD PUT TO KEEP THEIR GRIP ON THE HELM AND THEIR FEET FIRMLY PLANTED ON DANGEROUS DECKS WHEN---
"CRIME TAKES A CRUISE!"
D75

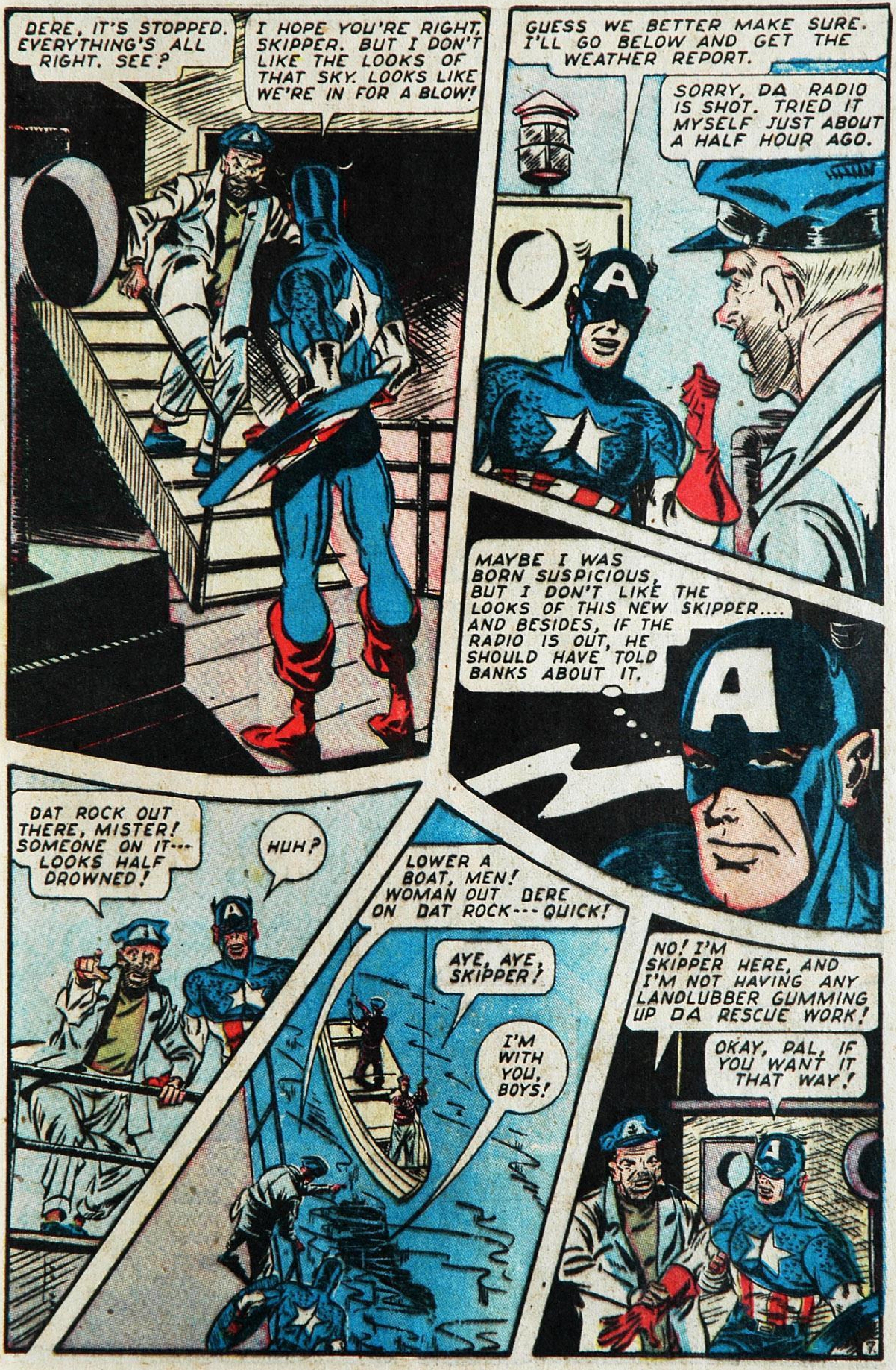

AT THE WATERFRONT OF A LARGE SEAPORT...
I NEVER SEEN SUCH GUYS...CHOP 'I'M DOWN, I SAYS. AN' WHAT DO YOU SOFTIES CALL FOR? NUTTIN' BUT A TAP ON DA SKULL! PHOOEY!
LISTEN, WE'RE SNATCHING DIS YACHT FOR DA BOSS, AND DA BOSS SAID NO KILLINGS!
OKAY! FOR DA BOSS, I'LL KEEP ME HEATER IN ME POCKET!
HERE HE COMES--AND HERE'S WHERE DA YACHT, TRANQUILLITY, GETS A NEW SKIPPER.
OH, WURRA--- NOTHIN' BUT RESPONSIBILITY ON ME AULD SHOULDERS --- HUH?
I GOT DA OLD COOT!
AULD COOT, IS IT? WHY, YE SCUPPER RATS, I'LL STEW YE IN BILGE WATER!
NOBODY CAN CALL MACTAVISH AULD BUT MACTAVISH HIMSELF!
SWEET DREAMS, YA OLD LEATHERNECK!
AAAAH!


BLAST 'IM HERE AN' NOW, I SAYS. HE HOIT ME!
SHADDUP! WE AIN'T DOING LIKE DAT UNTIL DA BOSS GIVES DE ORDER, SEE? DA MAIN THING RIGHT NOW IS GETTING HARRY ABOARD DA YACHT!
HEY! HE'S LOSIN' T'INGS!
CHEE! DIS AIN'T SO GOOD! IT'S A LETTER FROM BANKS WHAT OWNS DA YACHT WE'RE TAKING OVER --- AN' HE'S COMIN' DOWN FOR A PARTY-- DIS AFTERNOON!
HERE, GIMME DAT!
DA SWAB! HE WOULD HAVE TO USE DA TRANQUILLITY JUST WHEN WE HAVE BIG PLANS!
TAKE IT EASY, TINY. DA LETTER SAYS FOR MACTAVISH TO SIGN A CREW FOR DA WEEK-END---AND **WE'RE** DA CREW, SEE?
MACTAVISH'S AUNT DIED AND HE LEFT **US** IN CHARGE, SEE? YOU'RE DA SKIPPER, TINY!
WELL, BLOW ME MIZZEN! IT'LL BE PERFECT! DA COAST GUARD MIGHT BE ON DA PROWL OFF DA PEN, AND DESE RICH STIFFS WILL MAKE A PERFECT FRONT FOR US!
AND NOW, WHILE THESE STRANGE PLANS MATURE, SUPPOSE WE RENEW OUR ACQUAINTANCE WITH A COUPLE OF OLD FRIENDS--- **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND **BUCKY!**
WHAT A NAME FOR A YACHT--TRANQUILLITY! IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE THE WEEK-END WE'RE IN FOR--- **DULL!**
TROUBLE WITH YOU IS, YOU'RE USED TO TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT --- RELAX, PAL!
HOW CAN I RELAX? REMEMBER HOW SEASICK I GET? AND REMEMBER LAST TIME THE WAY MACTAVISH RAZZED ME ABOUT IT?
HEY, BUCKY, LOOK AT THAT CAR!

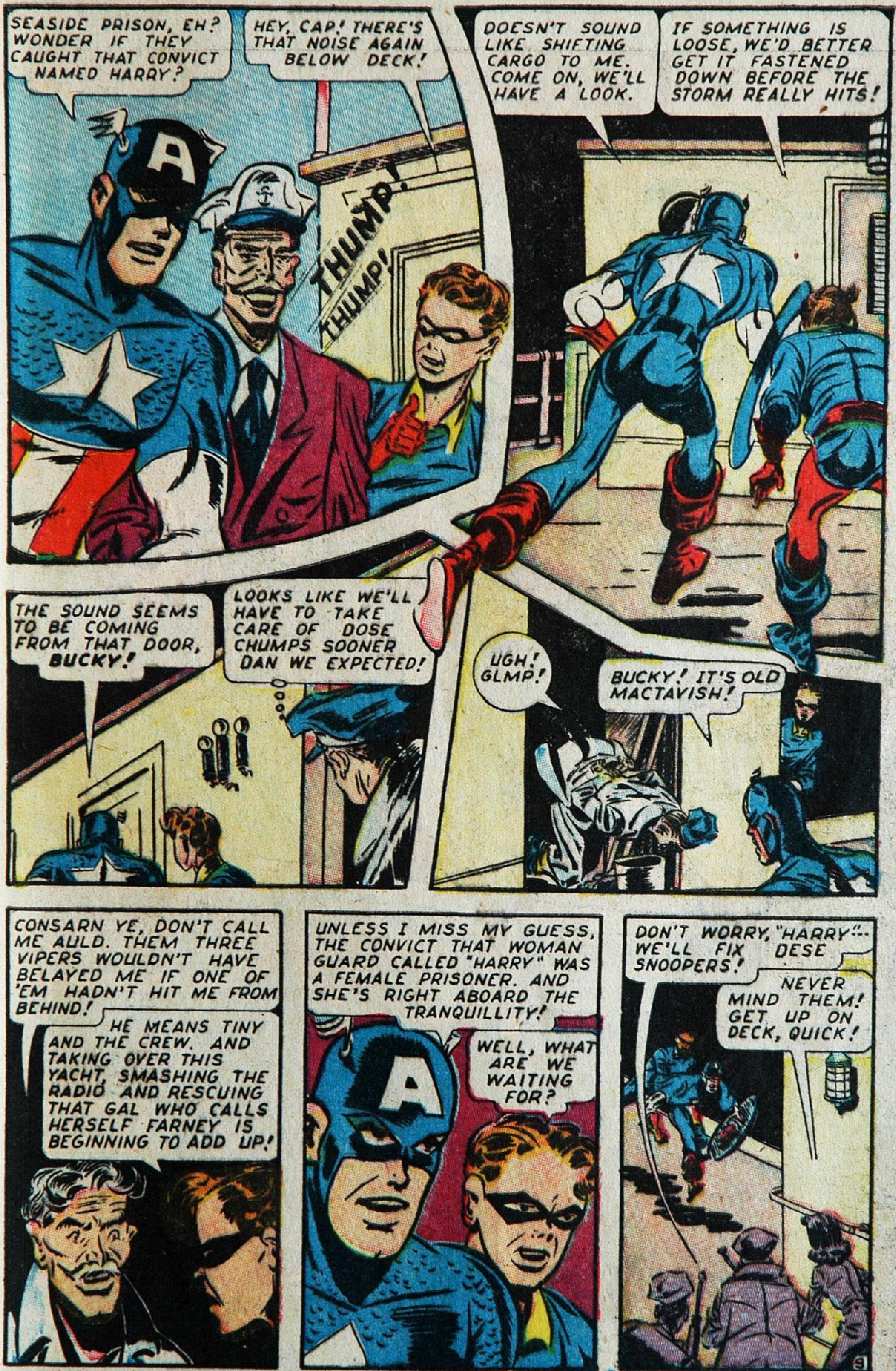
ESCAPING CONVICTS FROM THE SEASIDE PEN!
HOT ZIGGETY! WE GET SOME ACTION---HOW'S ABOUT IT, CAP?
TSK! TSK! RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME--THE NAUGHTY BOYS!
GET SET TO TAKE THE WHEEL, BUCKY. I'M GOING TO BOARD THAT CHARIOT!
I'LL CHOP YA DOWN!
PULL OVER TO THE SIDE, COWBOY!
NO CHOPPING TODAY, YOU WACKY WOODS-MEN!
YEOW!
SCREECH!
SCREECH!
UGH!
NIX, FANCY PANTS. MY PAL IS SAVING ALL HIS BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD BANK!
HERE COMES THE LAW!
THESE MUGS ARE "SLEEPING" LIKE INNOCENT BABES NOW!


LOOKING FOR THESE FRESH AIR FIENDS?
CAPTAIN AMERICA! GOOD FOR YOU--- THOSE ARE THE LAST THREE WHO WENT OVER THE WALL!
THAT LEAVES ONLY HARRY HAWKINS STILL FREE!
WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE HARRY TO YOU, MA'M-- OR WE'LL MISS THE BOAT.
YOU BOYS HAVE DONE PLENTY ALREADY. RUN ALONG, AND DON'T WORRY-- WE'LL GET HARRY BEFORE DARK.
A FINE THING. HERE A CONVICT IS ROAMING AROUND LOOSE AND ALL YOU'VE GOT ON THE BRAIN IS GETTING TRANQUIL ON THE TRANQUILLITY!
IF I DIDN'T THINK THOSE GUARDS COULD GET HARRY, I WOULDN'T BE LEAVING. BUT THEY WILL--- NO ONE EVER ESCAPES FROM THE SEASIDE PENITENTIARY FOR LONG!
AS CAP AND BUCKY BOARD THE YACHT TRANQUILLITY---
HELLO, CAPTAIN AMERICA... BUCKY! THOUGHT YOU BOYS WEREN'T GOING TO SHOW UP!
YEAH. WE'RE ABOUT TO SAIL, SIR.

STEP LIVELY, MATES. HOIST ANCHOR AND LET'S GET GOING.
HMMM.... NEW SKIPPER, EH, MR. BANKS? LAST TIME I WAS DOWN, YOU HAD AN OLD SCOT BY THE NAME OF MACTAVISH.
TINY TIMKIN IS TAKING MAC'S PLACE FOR THE WEEK-END--- SOMETHING ABOUT HIS AUNT DYING. BUT I GUESS TINY CAN GET US TO PORTSTOWN AND BACK JUST AS WELL AS MAC.
LATER....
GETTING DARK, TINY. ARE WE ALMOST DERE?
I'M PUTTIN' INTO SHORE NOW--- AND DON'T FORGET-- WHEN I SPOT HARRY ON DA ROCK, ACT SURPRISED. BUT MAKE SURE YOU GET INTO DA BOAT BEFORE ANY OF DOSE DUMB CLUCKS PULL A RESCUE OF DEIR OWN.
HA, HA, WON'T HARRY BE HAPPY TO GET ON DIS BOAT AND OUT OF SIGHT?
YEAH, AN' WHEN WE'RE OUTTA DANGER, DA BOSS WILL LET US MAKE DEM WALK DA PLANK OR SOMETHIN'!
AND DEN TO MEXICO WHERE WE CAN LAY LOW TILL DA HEAT'S OFF!
DAT NOISE--- IT'S MACTAVISH KICKING UP A SQUALL. QUICK! MAKE HIM QUIET!
THUMP! THUMP!
PECULIAR SOUNDS BELOW DECKS, SKIPPER. COULD IT BE MOTOR TROUBLE?
HAW, HAW! NO! ER-- I-- GUESS IT'S JUST SOMETHING SHIFTING AROUND IN DA LOCKERS. DA BOYS ARE SEEING TO IT NOW!
THUMP! THUMP!


DERE, IT'S STOPPED. EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT. SEE?
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, SKIPPER. BUT I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT SKY. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A BLOW!
GUESS WE BETTER MAKE SURE. I'LL GO BELOW AND GET THE WEATHER REPORT.
SORRY, DA RADIO IS SHOT. TRIED IT MYSELF JUST ABOUT A HALF HOUR AGO.
MAYBE I WAS BORN SUSPICIOUS, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS NEW SKIPPER.... AND BESIDES, IF THE RADIO IS OUT, HE SHOULD HAVE TOLD BANKS ABOUT IT.
DAT ROCK OUT THERE, MISTER! SOMEONE ON IT--- LOOKS HALF DROWNED!
HUH?
LOWER A BOAT, MEN! WOMAN OUT DERE ON DAT ROCK---QUICK!
AYE, AYE, SKIPPER!
I'M WITH YOU, BOYS!
NO! I'M SKIPPER HERE, AND I'M NOT HAVING ANY LANDLUBBER GUMMING UP DA RESCUE WORK!
OKAY, PAL, IF YOU WANT IT THAT WAY!

GEE, WONDER HOW SHE GOT OUT THERE? A CUTE KITTEN, EH, CAP?
KIND OF ROMANTIC, RESCUING A BEAUTIFUL GAL AT SEA--- AND THAT BIG LUG HAD TO HOLD ME BACK!
PRETTY COLD OUT THERE, WASN'T IT, MISS--ER---
MISS FARNEY. AND THANK YOU EVER SO MUCH FOR THE HELP. I'M AFRAID MY SAILBOAT CAPSIZED, HANDSOME!
BUT THAT HARDLY SEEMS A TRAGEDY, NOW THAT I'VE SEEN WHAT GOOD HANDS I'M IN!
FOLLOW ME, MISS FARNEY. WE GOT SOME DRY DUNGAREES AND A HOT CUP OF COFFEE DOWN HERE.
SEE YOU LATER, HANDSOME!
LOOKS AS IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO PULL A GALAHAD TO DO ALL RIGHT--- HANDSOME!
IN THE CABIN, WE FIND MISS FARNEY, ALIAS THE JAILBREAKER HARRIET HAWKINS--- "HARRY" FOR SHORT!
GEE, "HARRY"--IT'S GREAT TO HAVE YOU OUT AGAIN. NOW WE CAN PLAN SOME BIG THINGS!
WITH MY BRAINS WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE. AND AS FOR THOSE FOOLS OUT THERE, WE'LL DISPOSE OF THEM AS SOON AS WE GET OUTSIDE THE THREE MILE LIMIT!
WHILE ON DECK---
KNOW WHERE WE ARE, MR. BANKS?
THAT'S THE SEASIDE PRISON BEACON OVER THERE--- PORTSTOWN HARBOR MUST BE DOWN THE COAST ABOUT 5 MILES.


SEASIDE PRISON, EH? WONDER IF THEY CAUGHT THAT CONVICT NAMED HARRY?
HEY, CAP! THERE'S THAT NOISE AGAIN BELOW DECK!
THUMP! THUMP!
DOESN'T SOUND LIKE SHIFTING CARGO TO ME. COME ON, WE'LL HAVE A LOOK.
IF SOMETHING IS LOOSE, WE'D BETTER GET IT FASTENED DOWN BEFORE THE STORM REALLY HITS!
THE SOUND SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THAT DOOR, BUCKY!
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF DOSE CHUMPS SOONER DAN WE EXPECTED!
UGH! GLMP!
BUCKY! IT'S OLD MACTAVISH!
CONSARN YE, DON'T CALL ME AULD. THEM THREE VIPERS WOULDN'T HAVE BELAYED ME IF ONE OF 'EM HADN'T HIT ME FROM BEHIND!
HE MEANS TINY AND THE CREW. AND TAKING OVER THIS YACHT, SMASHING THE RADIO AND RESCUING THAT GAL WHO CALLS HERSELF FARNEY IS BEGINNING TO ADD UP!
UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THE CONVICT THAT WOMAN GUARD CALLED "HARRY" WAS A FEMALE PRISONER. AND SHE'S RIGHT ABOARD THE TRANQUILLITY!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
DON'T WORRY, "HARRY"-- WE'LL FIX DESE SNOOPERS!
NEVER MIND THEM! GET UP ON DECK, QUICK!

HURRY UP, WHILE I HOLD 'EM OFF!
FROM THE WAY THIS TUB IS TILTING, THERE'S MORE THAN ONE KIND OF TROUBLE BREWING!
COME ON, BUCKY! WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY!
WOW! WHAT A STORM! I CAN HARDLY STAY ON MY FEET!
YOU WEREN'T THINKING OF LEAVING, WERE YOU?
NO, YOU DON'T, BIG BOY!
TAKE IT ON THE CHIN... AND GRIN!
HELP! I'LL BE DROWNED!
I KNOW SOME PEOPLE WHO ARE LOOKING FOR YOU! BACK "HOME" AT THE SEASIDE PENITENTIARY!
WHAT A WEEK-END --- JAILBREAKS, FIGHTS, STORMS --- THIS BOAT OUGHTA BE CALLED THE "NERVOUS WRECK!"
TRANQUIL
THE END

timed for TEENS...

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TEEN-L
10¢
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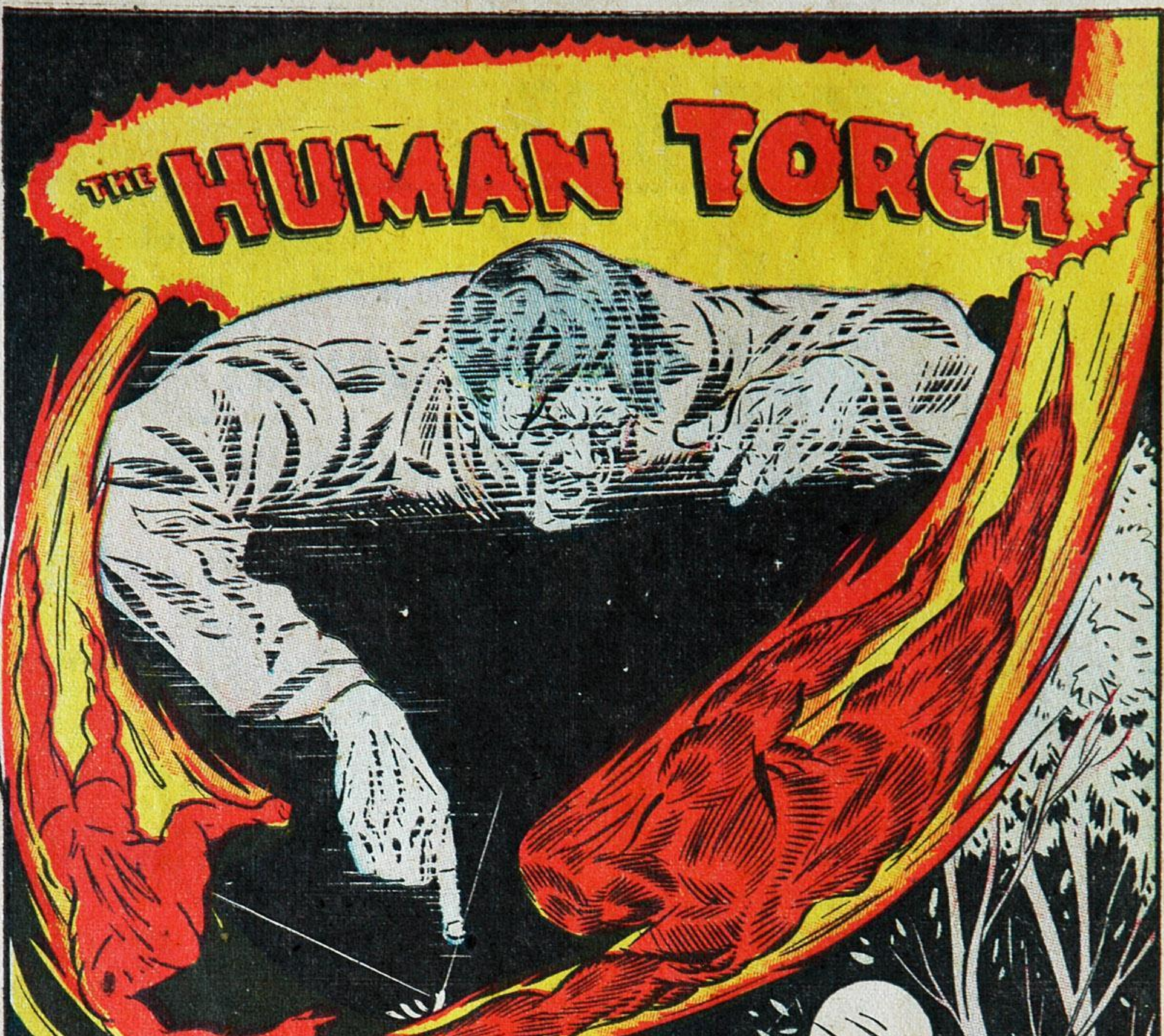

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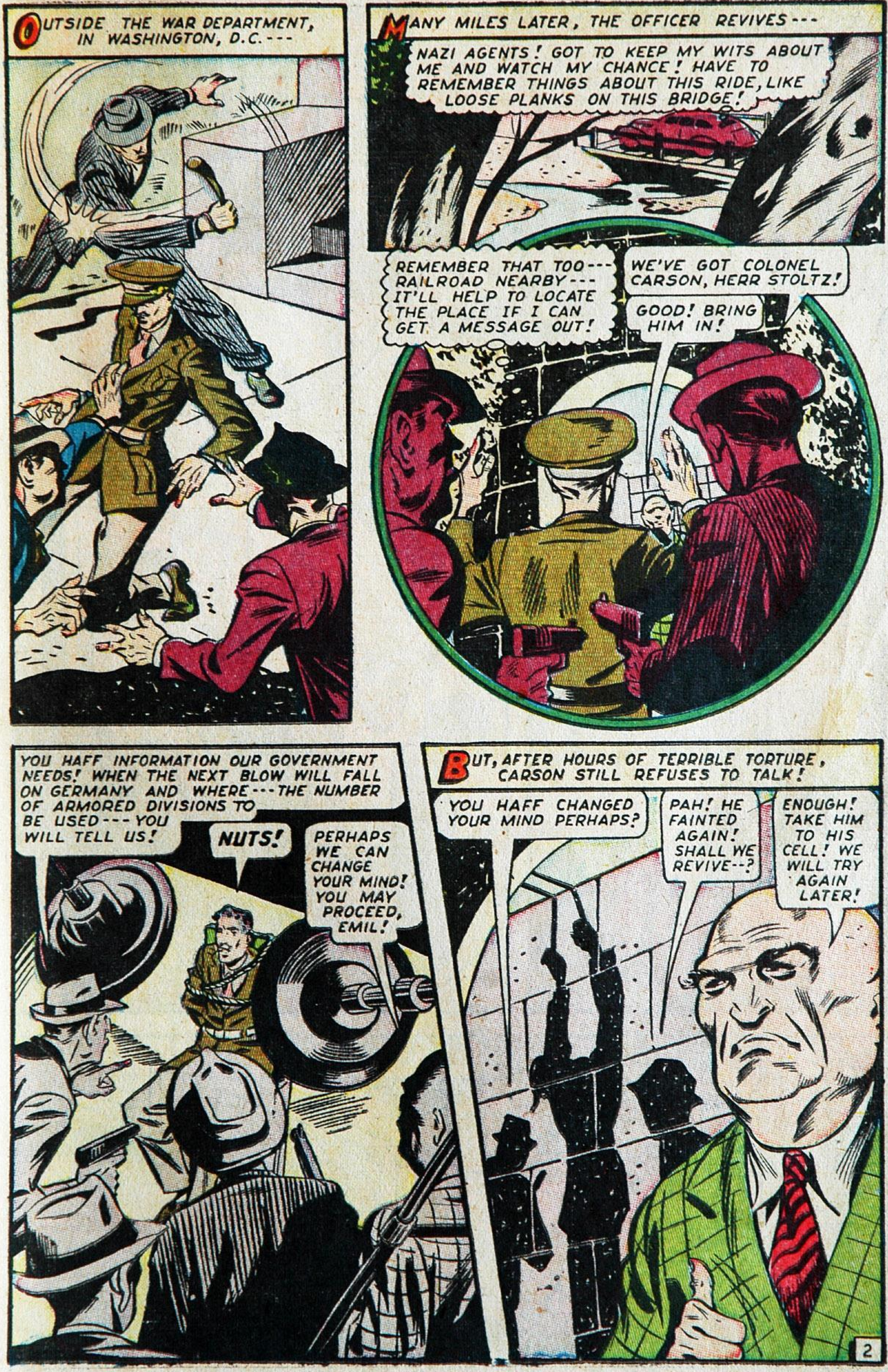
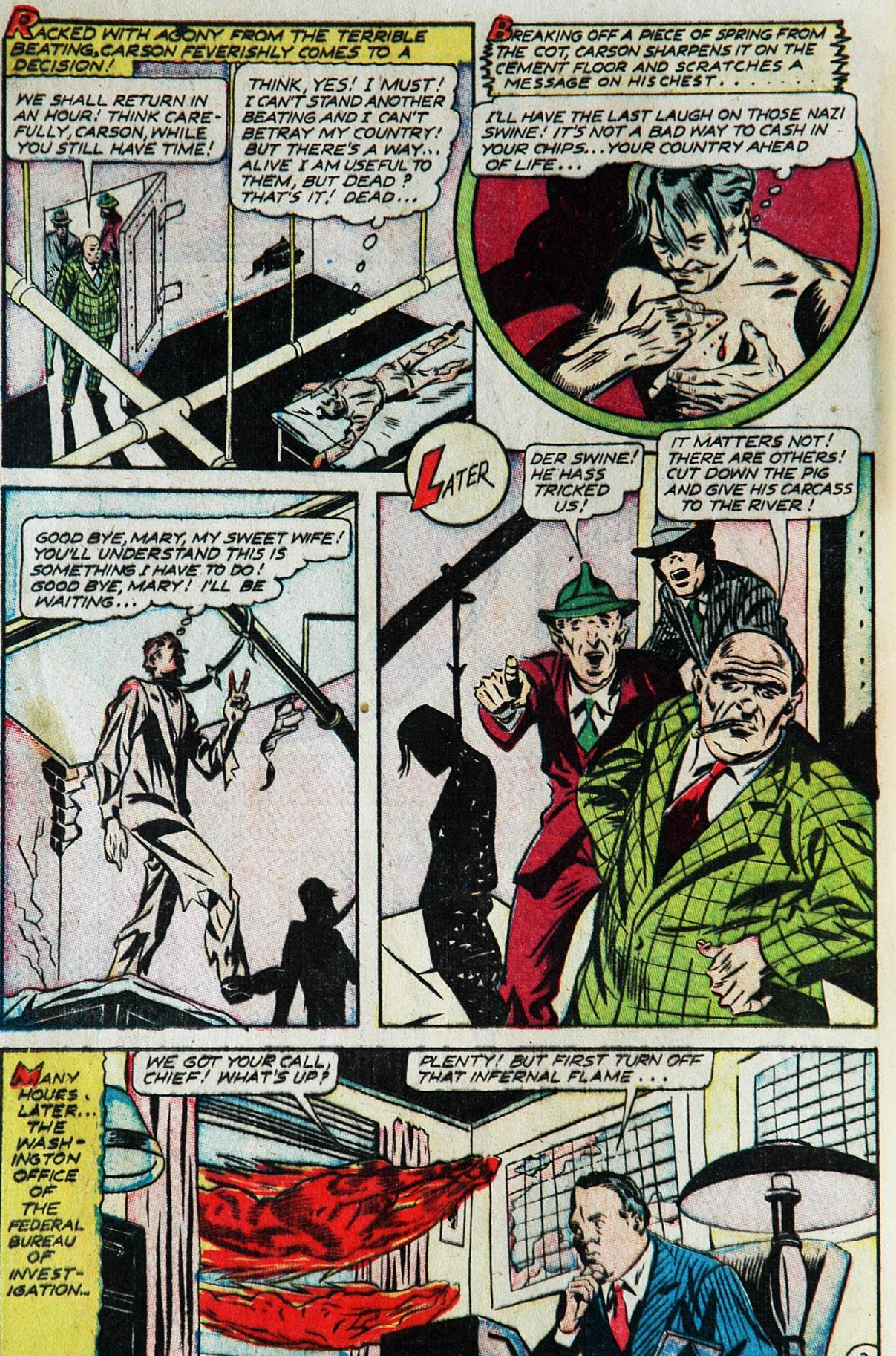
AN IMPORTANT MILITARY FIGURE VANISHES INTO THIN AIR! AND WITH HIM GOES THE MOST CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET IN THE WORLD! WHO IS BEHIND THIS AMAZING KIDNAPPING? WHO ARE HIS CAPTORS? EVEN THE **TORCH** AND HIS PAL, **TORO** DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER, UNTIL THEY RECEIVED -------

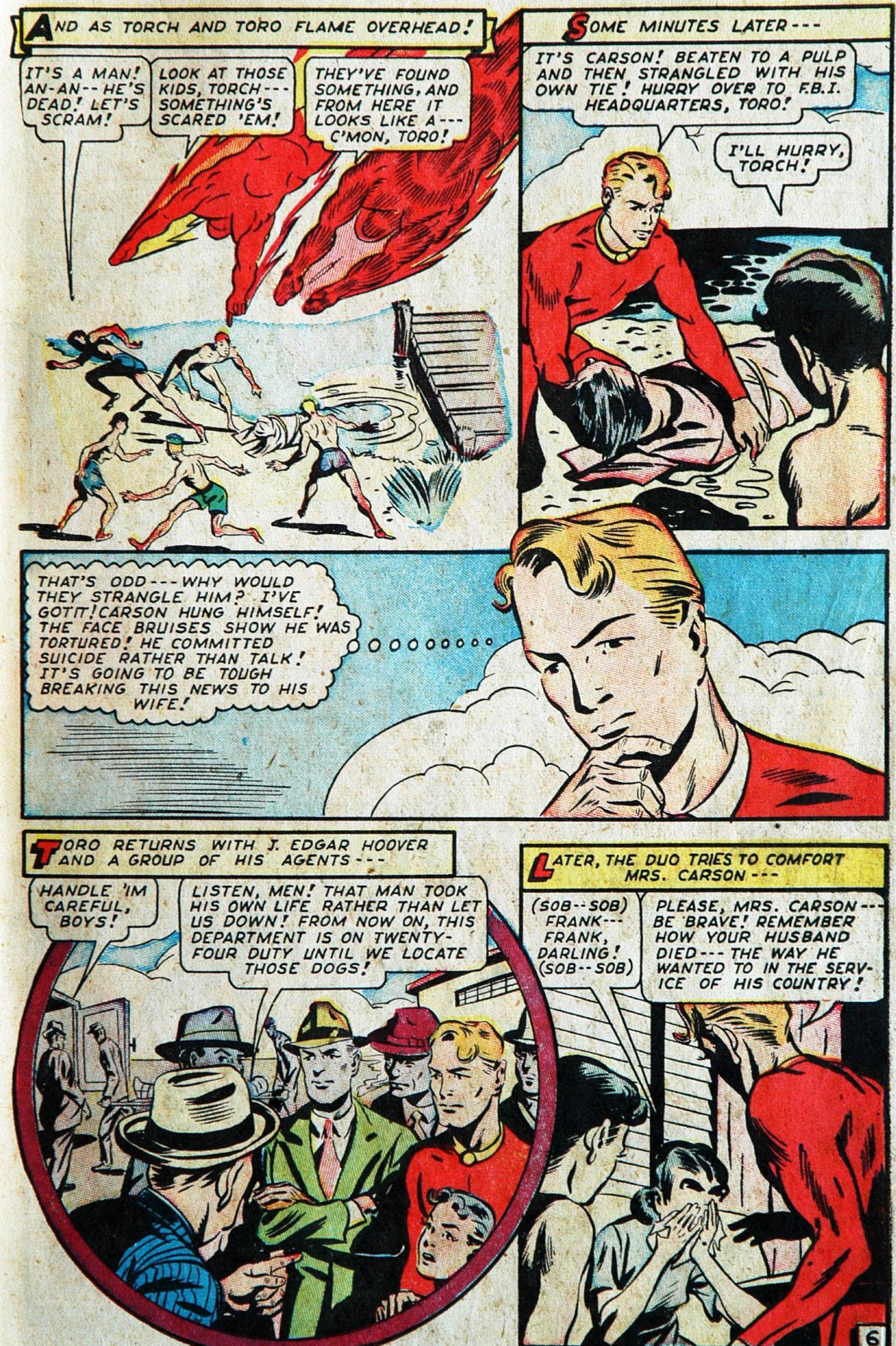
A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD!”


OUTSIDE THE WAR DEPARTMENT, IN WASHINGTON, D.C.---
MANY MILES LATER, THE OFFICER REVIVES---
NAZI AGENTS! GOT TO KEEP MY WITS ABOUT ME AND WATCH MY CHANCE! HAVE TO REMEMBER THINGS ABOUT THIS RIDE, LIKE LOOSE PLANKS ON THIS BRIDGE!
REMEMBER THAT TOO--- RAILROAD NEARBY--- IT'LL HELP TO LOCATE THE PLACE IF I CAN GET A MESSAGE OUT!
WE'VE GOT COLONEL CARSON, HERR STOLTZ!
GOOD! BRING HIM IN!
YOU HAFF INFORMATION OUR GOVERNMENT NEEDS! WHEN THE NEXT BLOW WILL FALL ON GERMANY AND WHERE--- THE NUMBER OF ARMORED DIVISIONS TO BE USED--- YOU WILL TELL US!
NUTS!
PERHAPS WE CAN CHANGE YOUR MIND! YOU MAY PROCEED, EMIL!
BUT, AFTER HOURS OF TERRIBLE TORTURE, CARSON STILL REFUSES TO TALK!
YOU HAFF CHANGED YOUR MIND PERHAPS?
PAH! HE FAINTED AGAIN! SHALL WE REVIVE--?
ENOUGH! TAKE HIM TO HIS CELL! WE WILL TRY AGAIN LATER!

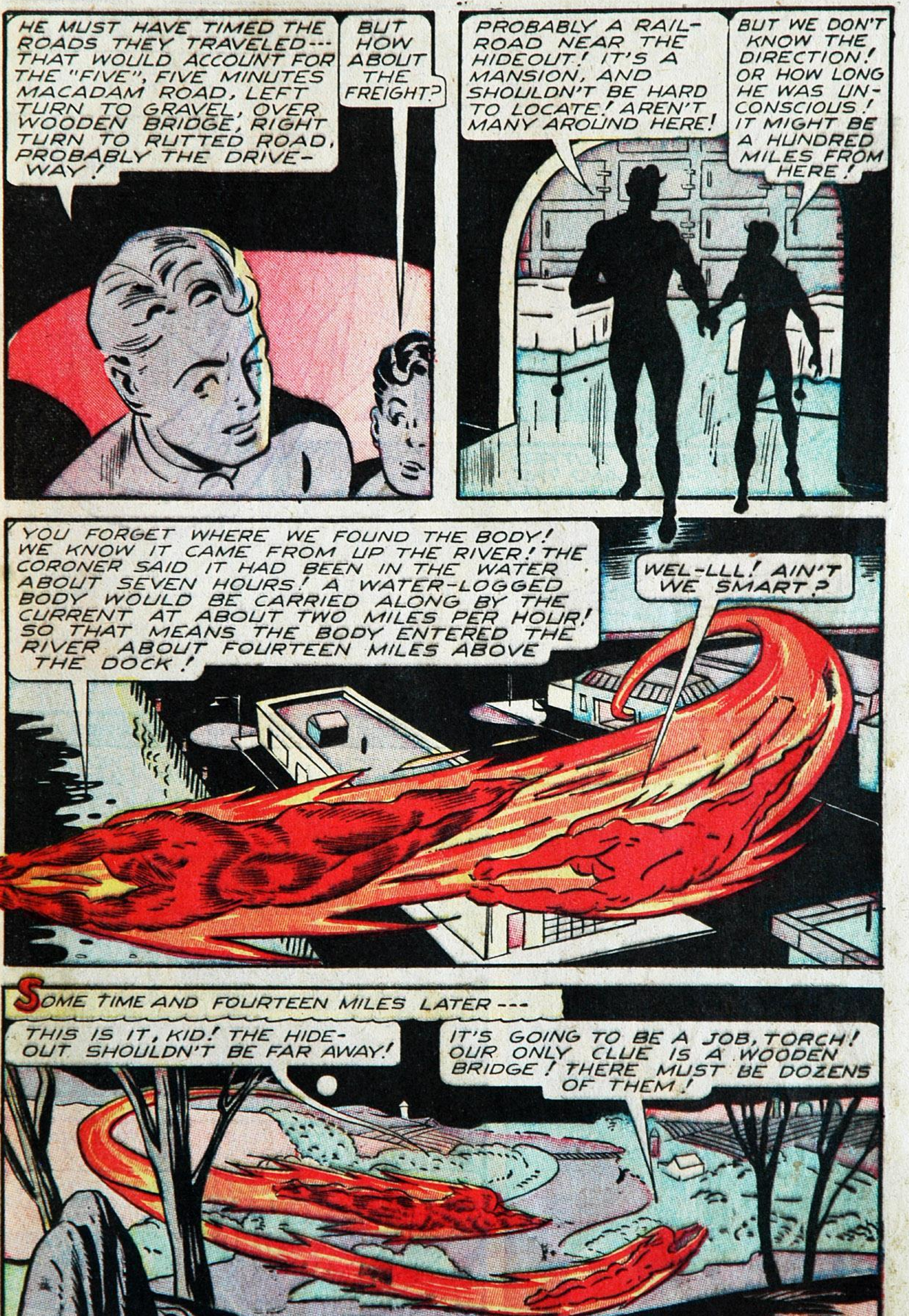

RACKED WITH AGONY FROM THE TERRIBLE BEATING, CARSON FEVERISHLY COMES TO A DECISION!
WE SHALL RETURN IN AN HOUR! THINK CAREFULLY, CARSON, WHILE YOU STILL HAVE TIME!
THINK, YES! I MUST! I CAN'T STAND ANOTHER BEATING AND I CAN'T BETRAY MY COUNTRY! BUT THERE'S A WAY... ALIVE I AM USEFUL TO THEM, BUT DEAD? THAT'S IT! DEAD...
BREAKING OFF A PIECE OF SPRING FROM THE COT, CARSON SHARPENS IT ON THE CEMENT FLOOR AND SCRATCHES A MESSAGE ON HIS CHEST . . . . . .
I'LL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH ON THOSE NAZI SWINE! IT'S NOT A BAD WAY TO CASH IN YOUR CHIPS... YOUR COUNTRY AHEAD OF LIFE...
GOOD BYE, MARY, MY SWEET WIFE! YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THIS IS SOMETHING I HAVE TO DO! GOOD BYE, MARY! I'LL BE WAITING...
LATER
DER SWINE! HE HASS TRICKED US!
IT MATTERS NOT! THERE ARE OTHERS! CUT DOWN THE PIG AND GIVE HIS CARCASS TO THE RIVER!
MANY HOURS LATER... THE WASHINGTON OFFICE OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION...
WE GOT YOUR CALL, CHIEF! WHAT'S UP?
PLENTY! BUT FIRST TURN OFF THAT INFERNAL FLAME . . .

COLONEL CARSON, AIDE TO GENERAL MARSHALL, LEFT THE WAR DEPARTMENT EARLY LAST NIGHT--- AND NO ONE HAS SEEN HIM SINCE!
ANY CHANCE HE MAY HAVE MET WITH AN ACCIDENT?
ALL DOCTORS AND HOSPITALS HAVE BEEN CHECKED! NO, TORCH! ENEMY AGENTS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS! CARSON HAD INFORMATION THEY WANTED!
THIS CASE SOUNDS LIKE A-1 PRIORITY! I'LL BET EVERY G-MAN IN THE COUNTRY IS ON IT!
JUST ABOUT! AND THAT'S WHAT I WANT YOU TWO FOR! WHOEVER SNATCHED HIM IS DESPERATE! THEY'LL BREAK EVERY RULE IN THE BOOK TO MAKE HIM TALK! NOW HERE'S THE BACKGROUND OF THE CASE----
LATER, THE VARIOUS DETAILS OF THE CASE ARE COMMITTED TO MEMORY---
ALL WE KNOW IS THAT CARSON VANISHED AFTER LEAVING THE WAR DEPARTMENT! HOW CAN WE WORK ON THAT?
THERE'S ONE FACT WE MAY BE ABLE TO DEVELOP! THE SNATCH WAS WELL PLANNED! SOMEONE PROBABLY TAILED HIM SEVERAL TIMES FROM HIS OFFICE TO HIS HOME! PERHAPS HIS WIFE OR A STOREKEEPER ALONG THE WAY MIGHT HAVE NOTICED THIS!
SO WHAT DO WE DO?
INTERVIEW HIS WIFE! SHE MAY BE ABLE TO GIVE US SOMETHING TO WORK ON!

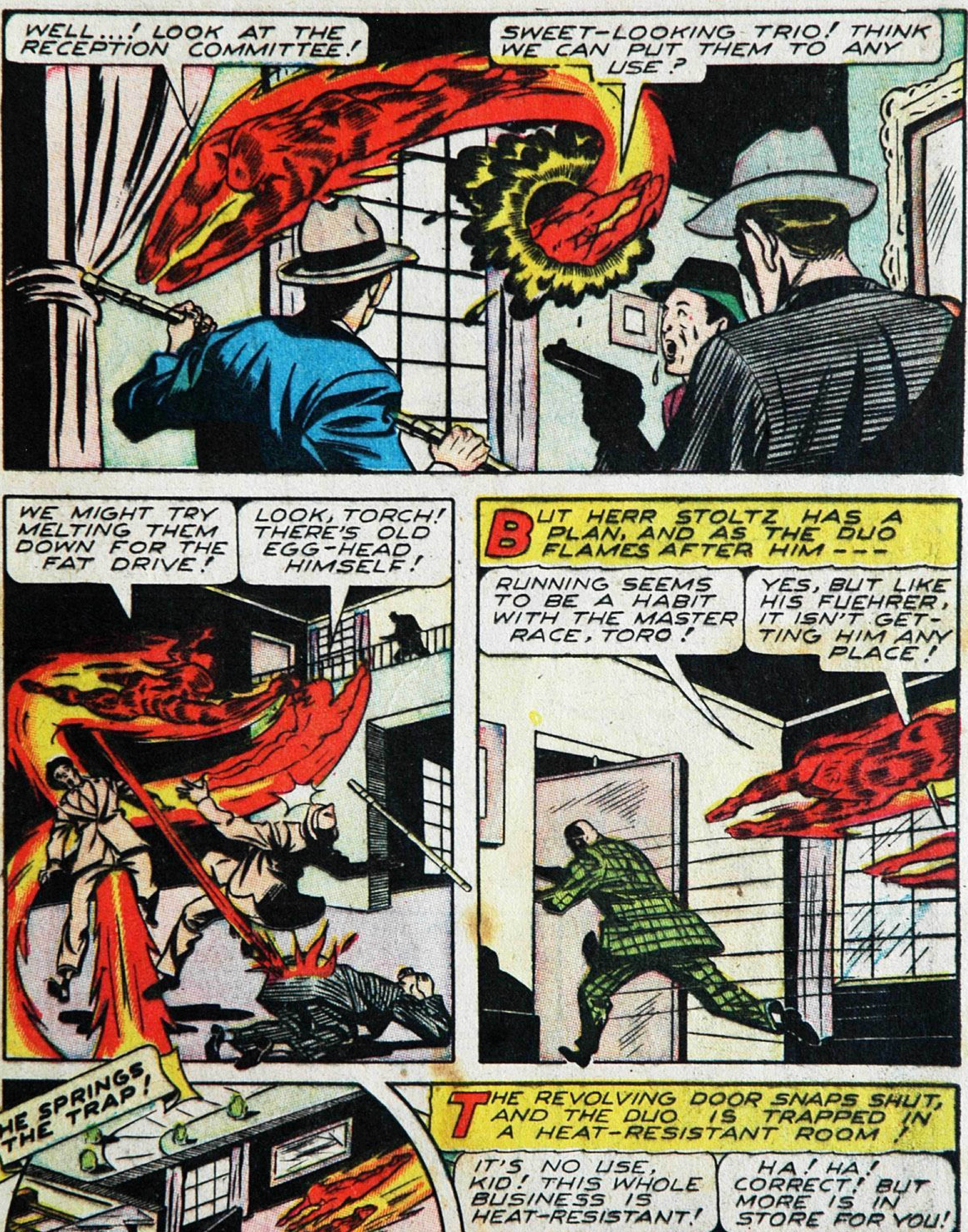
SOME MINUTES LATER, AT THE CARSON HOME---
I KNOW HOW YOU MUST FEEL, MRS. CARSON, BUT TRY TO THINK BACK! DO YOU REMEMBER ANY STRANGER YOU MAY HAVE SEEN AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD?
I'VE TRIED TO EVER SINCE FRANK DISAPPEARED! THERE WAS NO ONE! I WISH I COULD HELP--- I KNOW I'LL NEVER SEE HIM ALIVE AGAIN! (SOB---SOB!)
PLEASE, MRS. CARSON, YOU MUST BE BRAVE!
I K-KNOW! I'M SORRY! IT'S JUST THAT I HAVE A HORRIBLE PREMONITION!
EVERYTHING IS BEING DONE TO LOCATE YOUR HUSBAND! PLEASE BELIEVE THAT! COME, TORO--- WE'VE WORK TO DO!
GOSH! THIS IS TOUGH ON HER!
WE'LL QUESTION THE STOREKEEPERS ALONG THE ROUTE! WE MAY HAVE MORE LUCK THERE!
BUT, HOURS OF QUESTIONING LEAD TO NOWHERE!
NO ONE SAW ANYTHING! SO WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?
ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO! SEE GENERAL MARSHALL! PERHAPS HE CAN GIVE US SOMETHING TO WORK ON!
WHILE SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY, ON A WHARF OF THE POTOMAC RIVER---
LAST ONE IN'S A DUNCE!
HEY, FELLERS--- A BUNDLE! LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN IT!


AND AS TORCH AND TORO FLAME OVERHEAD!
IT'S A MAN! AN-AN-- HE'S DEAD! LET'S SCRAM!
LOOK AT THOSE KIDS, TORCH--- SOMETHING'S SCARED 'EM!
THEY'VE FOUND SOMETHING, AND FROM HERE IT LOOKS LIKE A--- C'MON, TORO!
SOME MINUTES LATER---
IT'S CARSON! BEATEN TO A PULP AND THEN STRANGLED WITH HIS OWN TIE! HURRY OVER TO F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, TORO!
I'LL HURRY, TORCH!
THAT'S ODD---WHY WOULD THEY STRANGLE HIM? I'VE GOTTIT! CARSON HUNG HIMSELF! THE FACE BRUISES SHOW HE WAS TORTURED! HE COMMITTED SUICIDE RATHER THAN TALK! IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH BREAKING THIS NEWS TO HIS WIFE!
TORO RETURNS WITH J. EDGAR HOOVER AND A GROUP OF HIS AGENTS---
HANDLE 'IM CAREFUL, BOYS!
LISTEN, MEN! THAT MAN TOOK HIS OWN LIFE RATHER THAN LET US DOWN! FROM NOW ON, THIS DEPARTMENT IS ON TWENTY-FOUR DUTY UNTIL WE LOCATE THOSE DOGS!
LATER, THE DUO TRIES TO COMFORT MRS. CARSON---
(SOB--SOB) FRANK--- FRANK, DARLING! (SOB--SOB)
PLEASE, MRS. CARSON--- BE BRAVE! REMEMBER HOW YOUR HUSBAND DIED--- THE WAY HE WANTED TO IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY!

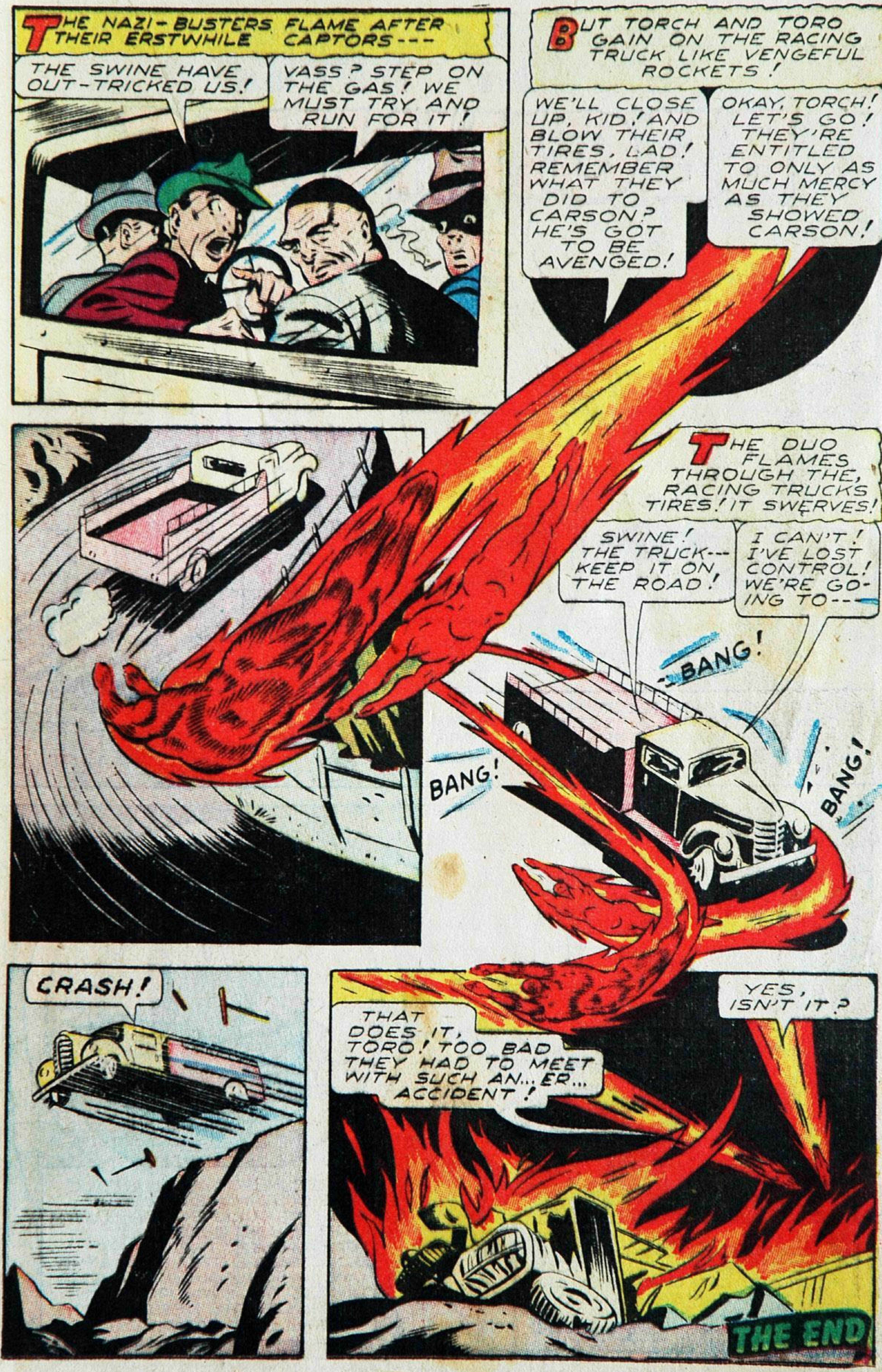
YES! IT H-HELPS TO THINK THAT WAY! PROMISE ME YOU'LL MAKE THEM PAY, TORCH, PROMISE!
WE'LL NEVER REST UNTIL THEY DO! WE'LL LEAVE YOU NOW!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO TO TRACE THAT HIDEOUT! LET'S PAY THE MORGUE A VISIT, KID! MAYBE CARSON'S CLOTHES WILL GIVE US A CLUE!
THE CITY MORGUE---
MORGUE
YUH SAY YUH WANT HIS CLOTHES? THE F.B.I. TOOK 'EM TO THEIR LAB FOR A SOIL TEST!
GOOD! BY TESTING THE DUST SAMPLES FROM HIS CLOTHES, WE MIGHT FIND OUT WHAT SECTION OF THE STATE THEY CAME FROM!
DID MR. HOOVER ISSUE A CERTIFICATE OF RELEASE FOR THE BODY?
NOPE! CORONER AIN'T THROUGH WITH IT YET!
LET'S TAKE A LOOK, TORO!
TORO MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY---
LOOK, TORCH! THESE RED MARKS FORM A PATTERN!
YOU'RE RIGHT, KID! THEY LOOK LIKE THEY WERE MADE WITH A PIN! THEY SEEM TO BE WORDS! GET A PAPER AND PENCIL!
SOME MINUTES LATER---
THE LAST PART IS THE NAMES OF HIS NAZI CAPTORS! BUT WHAT'S THIS OTHER STUFF?
DIRECTIONS, LAD! FROM A DEAD MAN! LISTEN, HERE'S HOW I FIGURE IT OUT! THEY BLACKJACKED HIM AND LOADED HIM INTO A CAR! LATER HE CAME TO AND PLAYED POSSUM, LISTENING TO FAMILIAR SOUNDS AND COUNTING THE TURNS THEY MADE!


HE MUST HAVE TIMED THE ROADS THEY TRAVELED--- THAT WOULD ACCOUNT FOR THE "FIVE", FIVE MINUTES MACADAM ROAD, LEFT TURN TO GRAVEL, OVER WOODEN BRIDGE, RIGHT TURN TO RUTTED ROAD, PROBABLY THE DRIVEWAY!
BUT HOW ABOUT THE FREIGHT?
PROBABLY A RAILROAD NEAR THE HIDEOUT! IT'S A MANSION, AND SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO LOCATE! AREN'T MANY AROUND HERE!
BUT WE DON'T KNOW THE DIRECTION! OR HOW LONG HE WAS UNCONSCIOUS! IT MIGHT BE A HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE!
YOU FORGET WHERE WE FOUND THE BODY! WE KNOW IT CAME FROM UP THE RIVER! THE CORONER SAID IT HAD BEEN IN THE WATER ABOUT SEVEN HOURS! A WATER-LOGGED BODY WOULD BE CARRIED ALONG BY THE CURRENT AT ABOUT TWO MILES PER HOUR! SO THAT MEANS THE BODY ENTERED THE RIVER ABOUT FOURTEEN MILES ABOVE THE DOCK!
WEL-LLL! AIN'T WE SMART?
SOME TIME AND FOURTEEN MILES LATER---
THIS IS IT, KID! THE HIDEOUT SHOULDN'T BE FAR AWAY!
IT'S GOING TO BE A JOB, TORCH! OUR ONLY CLUE IS A WOODEN BRIDGE! THERE MUST BE DOZENS OF THEM!

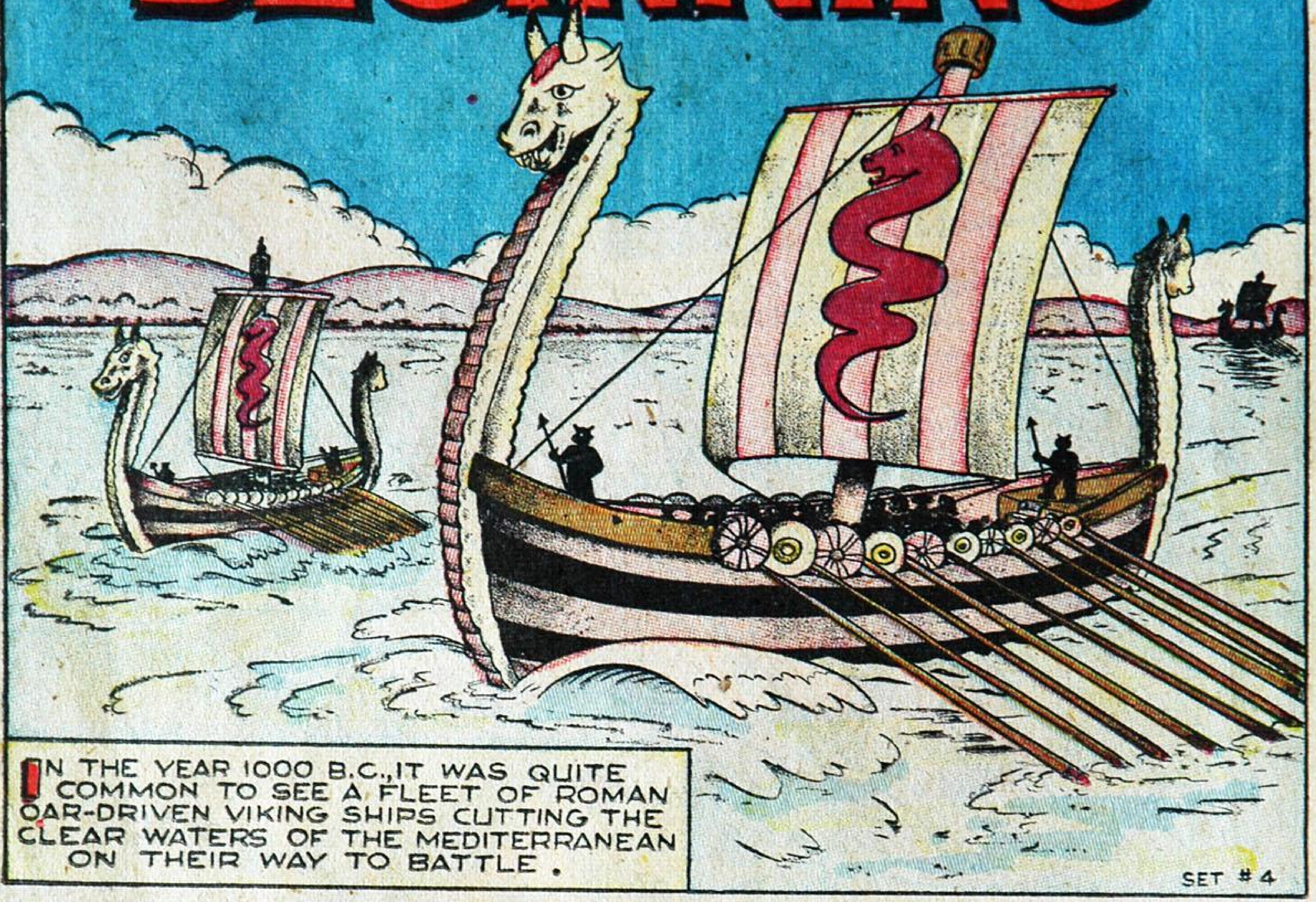
THAT'S TRUE! BUT THE ONE WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR IS ON A GRAVEL ROAD, THAT MAKES A LEFT HAND TURN FROM A MACADAM HIGHWAY! WE'LL SEPARATE. SIGNAL ME IF YOU FIND IT FIRST!
CHECK! I'LL BE SEEIN' YOU, TORCH!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER, TORO SPOTS THE BRIDGE!
EVERYTHING CHECKS! IF TORCH IS RIGHT, THE HIDEOUT SHOULD BE NEAR! I'LL SEE---
AND!
THERE'S THE RUTTED DRIVE-WAY AND THE MANSION! THIS IS IT! I'LL SIGNAL TORCH!
AND WHILE TORO TRACES A BLAZING MESSAGE ACROSS THE BLACK SKY---
THE NAZI TORTURE-GANG OBSERVES IT!
THE TORCH! HE HASS FOUND US! WE MUST GO!
WAIT!! I THINK OUR GOOD STOLTZ IS PREPARED, IS IT NOT SO?
YES, EMIL! LET THE FOOLS COME, WE ARE READY!
TORCH JOINS TORO AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE MANSION!
THIS IS THE PLACE, TORCH!
GOOD GOING, KID! LET'S POUR IT ON THEM!

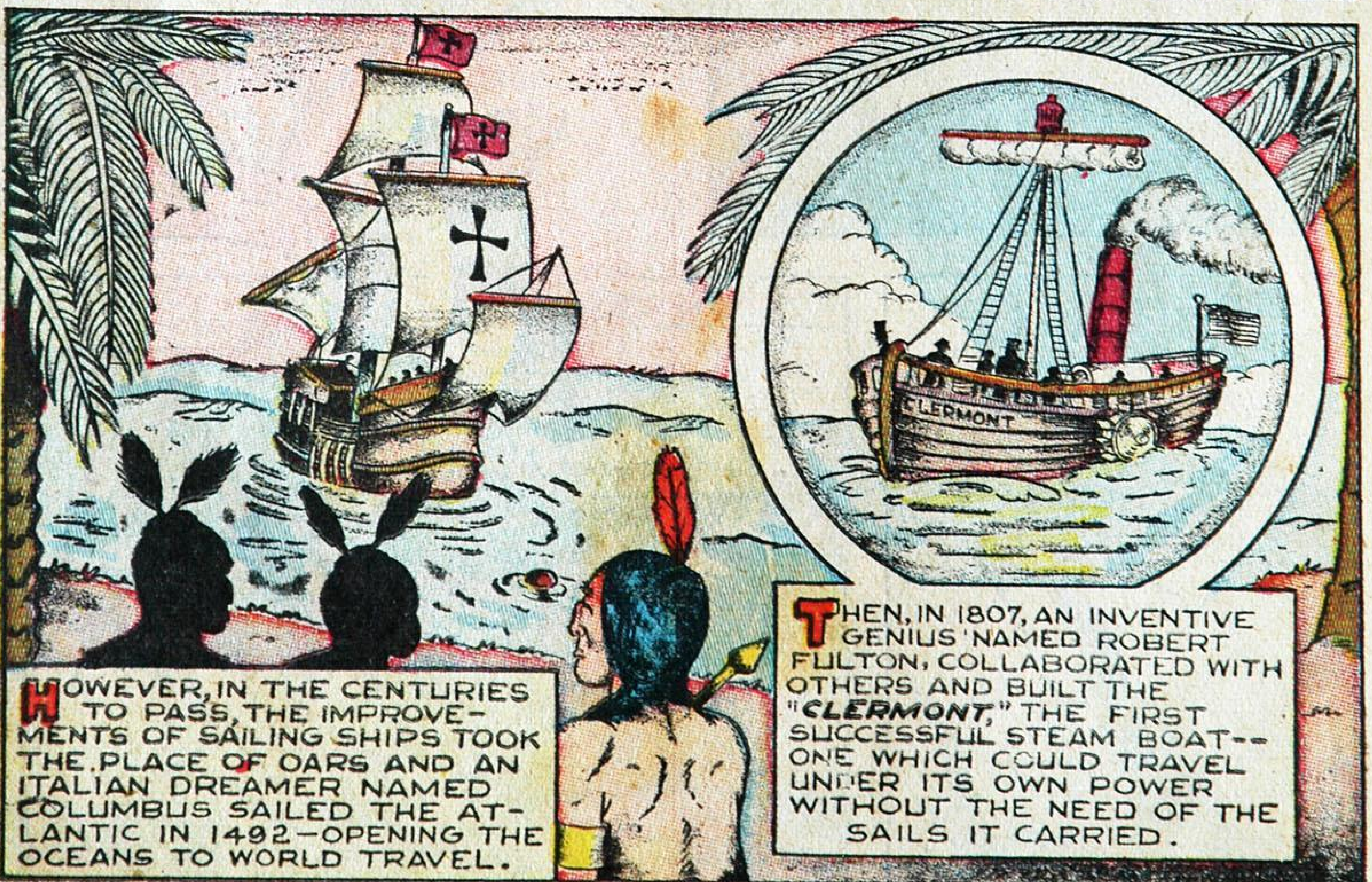

WELL...! LOOK AT THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE!
SWEET-LOOKING TRIO! THINK WE CAN PUT THEM TO ANY USE?
WE MIGHT TRY MELTING THEM DOWN FOR THE FAT DRIVE!
LOOK, TORCH! THERE'S OLD EGG-HEAD HIMSELF!
BUT HERR STOLTZ HAS A PLAN, AND AS THE DUO FLAMES AFTER HIM---
RUNNING SEEMS TO BE A HABIT WITH THE MASTER RACE, TORO!
YES, BUT LIKE HIS FUEHRER, IT ISN'T GETTING HIM ANY PLACE!
HE SPRINGS THE TRAP!
THE REVOLVING DOOR SNAPS SHUT, AND THE DUO IS TRAPPED IN A HEAT-RESISTANT ROOM!
IT'S NO USE, KID! THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS HEAT-RESISTANT!
HA! HA! CORRECT! BUT MORE IS IN STORE FOR YOU!

STOLTZ PRESSES A BUTTON AND THE JAWS OF THE ROOM SNAP SHUT, TRAPPING THE DUO!
HEY!!
HA! HA! HA!
MINUTES LATER, THE CLEVERLY-CONSTRUCTED BOX-TRAP IS LOADED ON A TRUCK!
NEXT STOP IS THE RIVER! HA.HA!
THANKS FOR THE WARNING! WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO DISAPPOINT YOU!
AS THE TRUCK STARTS DOWN THE RUTTED DRIVE, THE DUO...
SAY, KID! THESE RUTS MAKE THE BOX BOUNCE--- EACH TIME WE HIT A RUT, DRIVE YOUR SHOULDERS AGAINST THE END OF THE BOX---
AND AS THE TRUCK TURNS OFF THE DRIVE-WAY ONTO THE ROAD!
THAT DID IT! ANOTHER SHOVE AND WE'LL BE OFF, BUT THEY'LL JUST THROW US ON AGAIN!
OH, NO! THIS STEEL COFFIN NEEDS JUST ONE GOOD JOLT TO SPLIT HER SEAMS, AND THEN----
AS THE TRUCK REACHES THE BRIDGE, THE DUO GIVES THE NEEDED SHOVE, AND---
C-R-A-C-K!
HITTING THE ROCKS BELOW, IT CRACKS LIKE A ROTTEN EGG!
NOW TO BOIL A FOURSOME OF SOFT-HEADED EGGS!
LET ME AT IT, TORCH! THAT'S MY DISH!
CRASH!


THE NAZI-BUSTERS FLAME AFTER THEIR ERSTWHILE CAPTORS---
THE SWINE HAVE OUT-TRICKED US!
VASS? STEP ON THE GAS! WE MUST TRY AND RUN FOR IT!
BUT TORCH AND TORO GAIN ON THE RACING TRUCK LIKE VENGEFUL ROCKETS!
WE'LL CLOSE UP, KID! AND BLOW THEIR TIRES, LAD! REMEMBER WHAT THEY DID TO CARSON? HE'S GOT TO BE AVENGED!
OKAY, TORCH! LET'S GO! THEY'RE ENTITLED TO ONLY AS MUCH MERCY AS THEY SHOWED CARSON!
THE DUO FLAMES THROUGH THE, RACING TRUCKS TIRES! IT SWERVES!
SWINE! THE TRUCK--- KEEP IT ON THE ROAD!
I CAN'T! I'VE LOST CONTROL! WE'RE GOING TO---
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
CRASH!
THAT DOES IT, TORO! TOO BAD THEY HAD TO MEET WITH SUCH AN... ER... ACCIDENT!
YES, ISN'T IT?
THE END

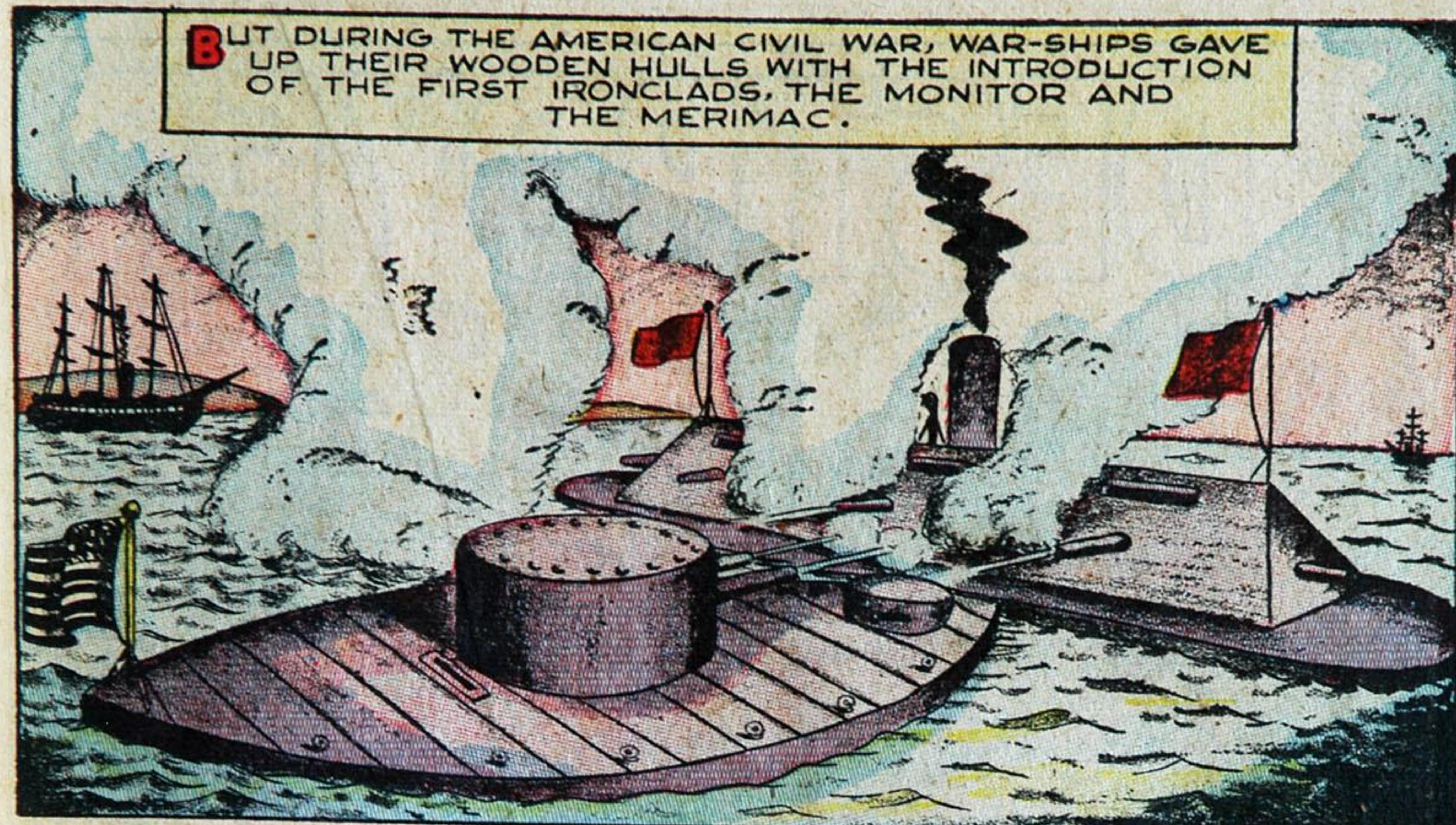
ONLY THE BEGINNING


IN THE YEAR 1000 B.C., IT WAS QUITE COMMON TO SEE A FLEET OF ROMAN OAR-DRIVEN VIKING SHIPS CUTTING THE CLEAR WATERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN ON THEIR WAY TO BATTLE.

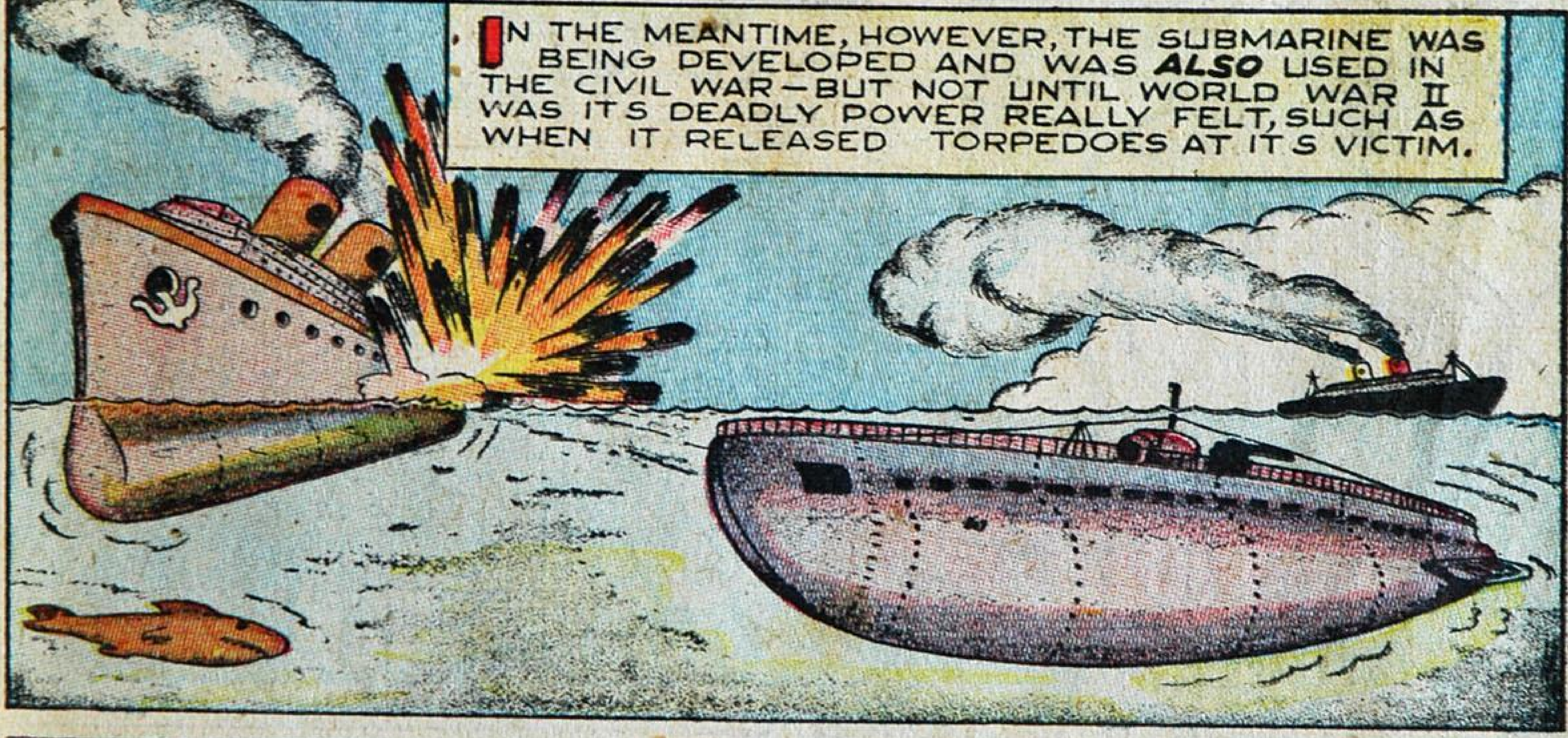


HOWEVER, IN THE CENTURIES TO PASS, THE IMPROVEMENTS OF SAILING SHIPS TOOK THE PLACE OF OARS AND AN ITALIAN DREAMER NAMED COLUMBUS SAILED THE ATLANTIC IN 1492—OPENING THE OCEANS TO WORLD TRAVEL.

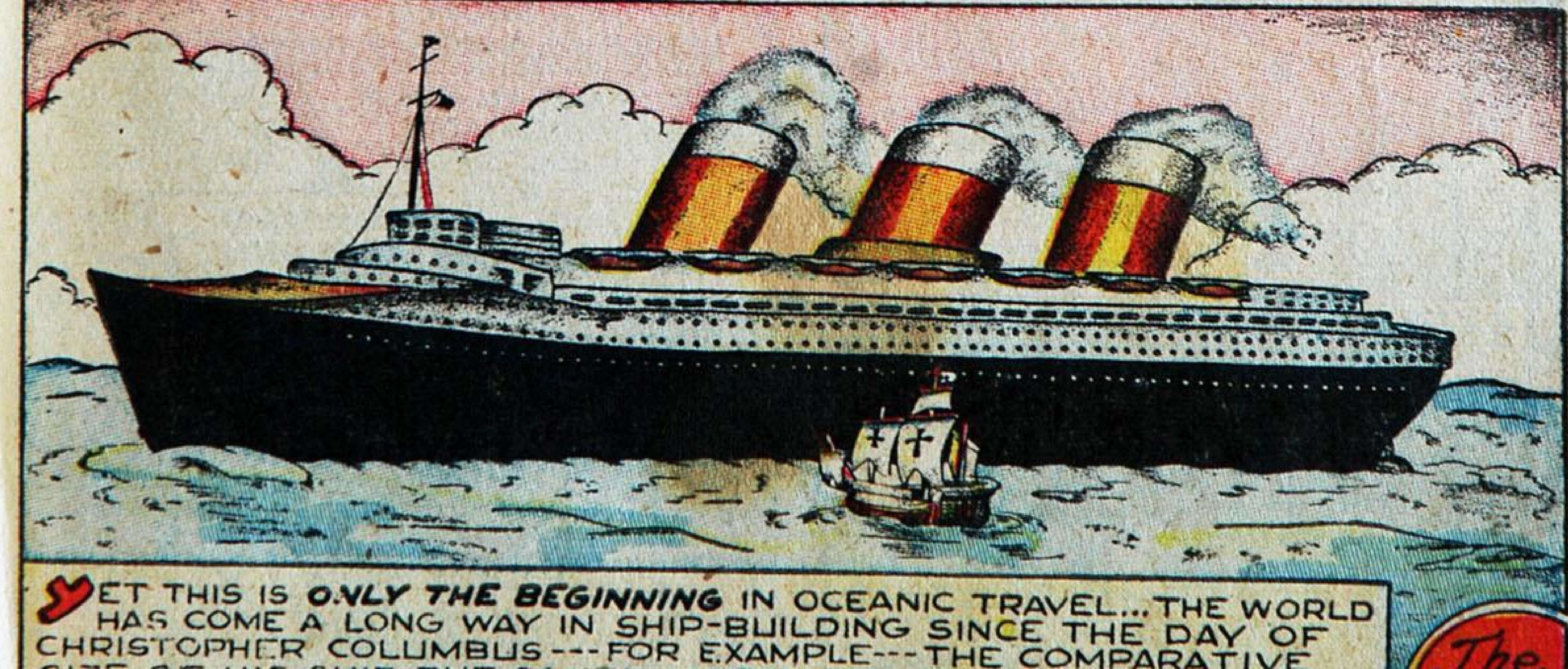
THEN, IN 1807, AN INVENTIVE GENIUS NAMED ROBERT FULTON, COLLABORATED WITH OTHERS AND BUILT THE "*CLERMONT*," THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL STEAM BOAT—ONE WHICH COULD TRAVEL UNDER ITS OWN POWER WITHOUT THE NEED OF THE SAILS IT CARRIED.



BUT DURING THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR, WAR-SHIPS GAVE UP THEIR WOODEN HULLS WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF THE FIRST IRONCLADS, THE MONITOR AND THE MERIMAC.



IN THE MEANTIME, HOWEVER, THE SUBMARINE WAS BEING DEVELOPED AND WAS ***ALSO*** USED IN THE CIVIL WAR—BUT NOT UNTIL WORLD WAR II WAS ITS DEADLY POWER REALLY FELT, SUCH AS WHEN IT RELEASED TORPEDOES AT IT'S VICTIM.

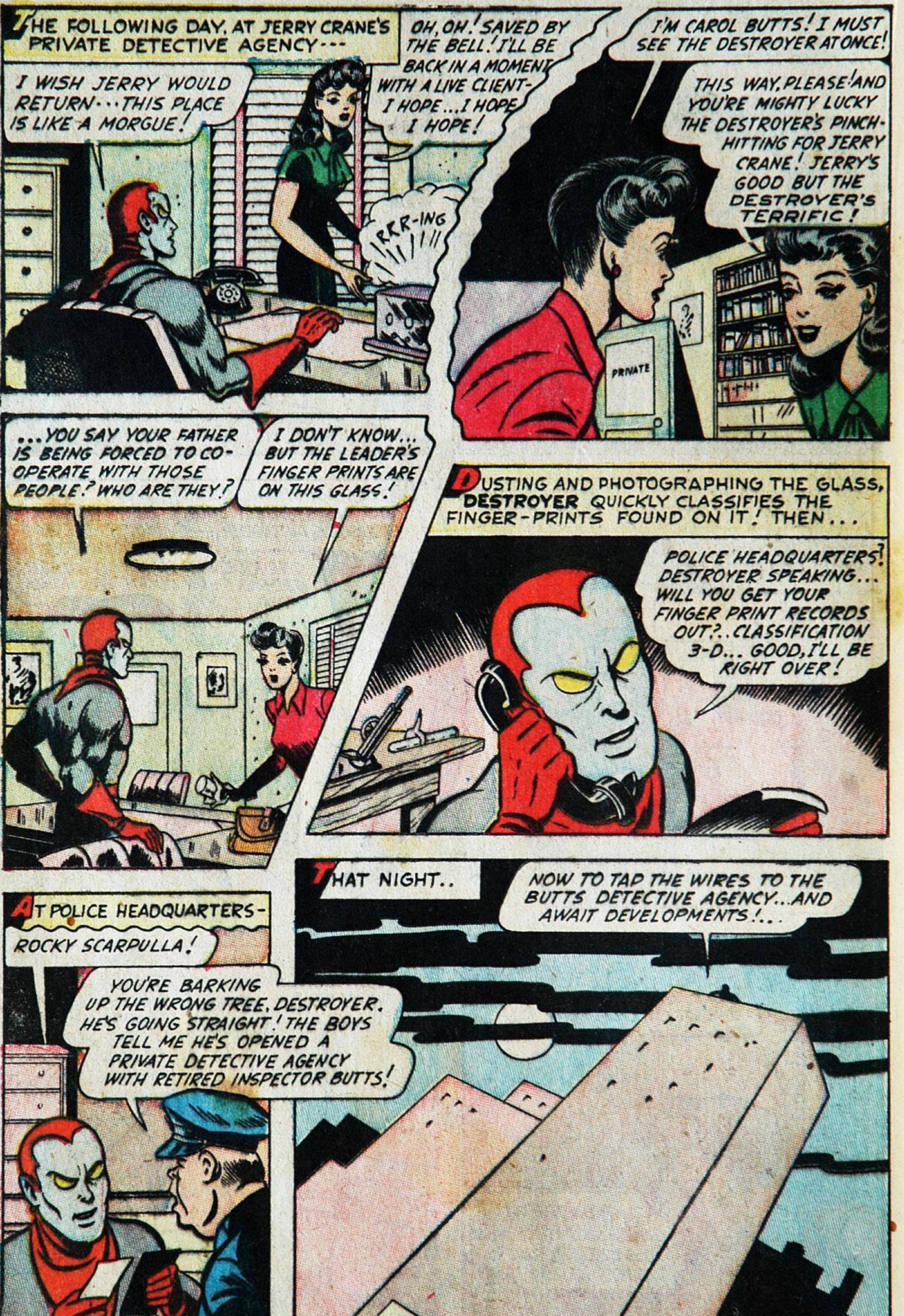


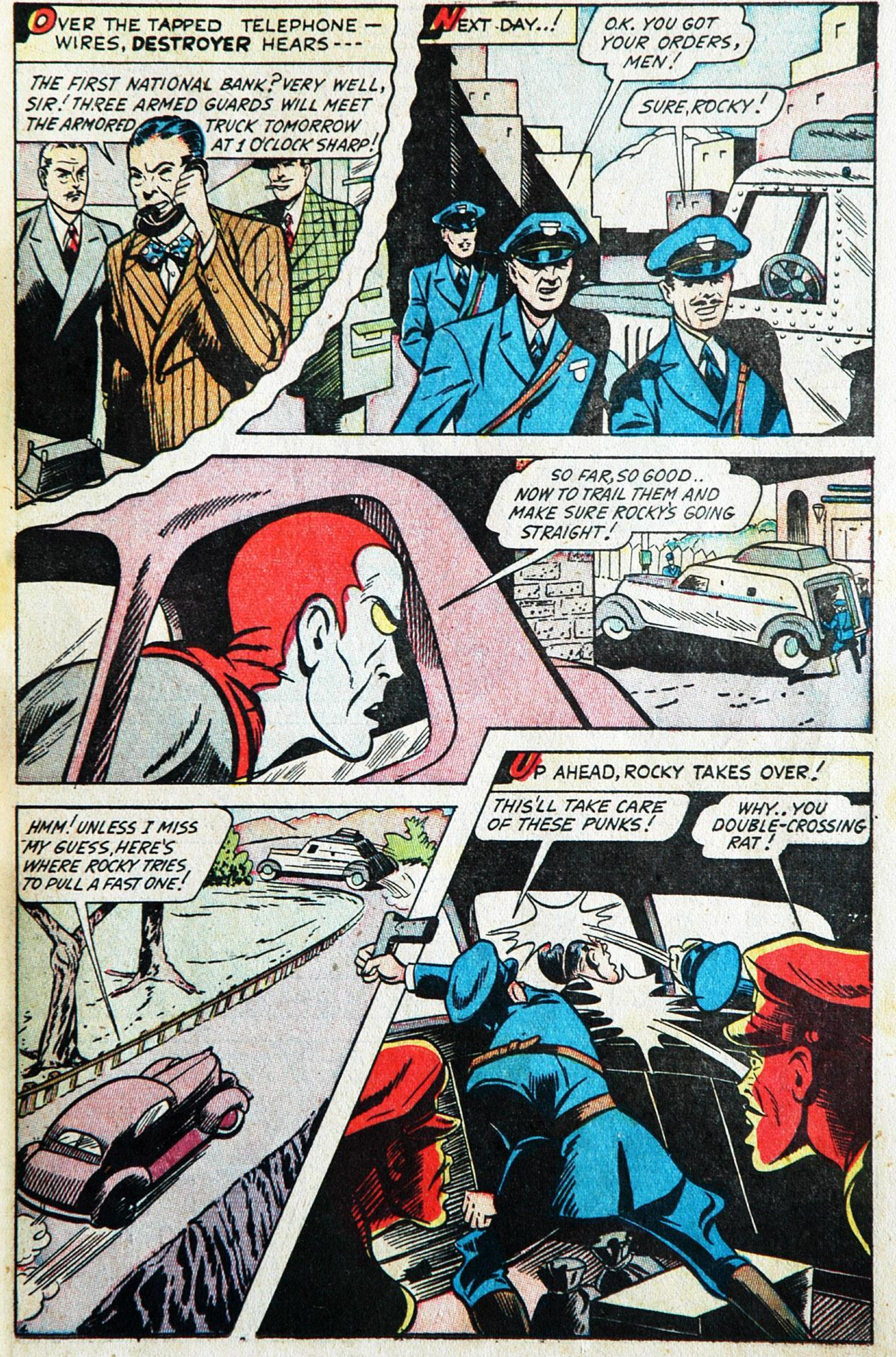
YET THIS IS ***ONLY THE BEGINNING*** IN OCEANIC TRAVEL...THE WORLD HAS COME A LONG WAY IN SHIP-BUILDING SINCE THE DAY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS---FOR EXAMPLE---THE COMPARATIVE SIZE OF HIS SHIP THE SANTA MARIA, AND THE GIGANTIC FRENCH LUXURY-LINER, THE NORMANDIE.

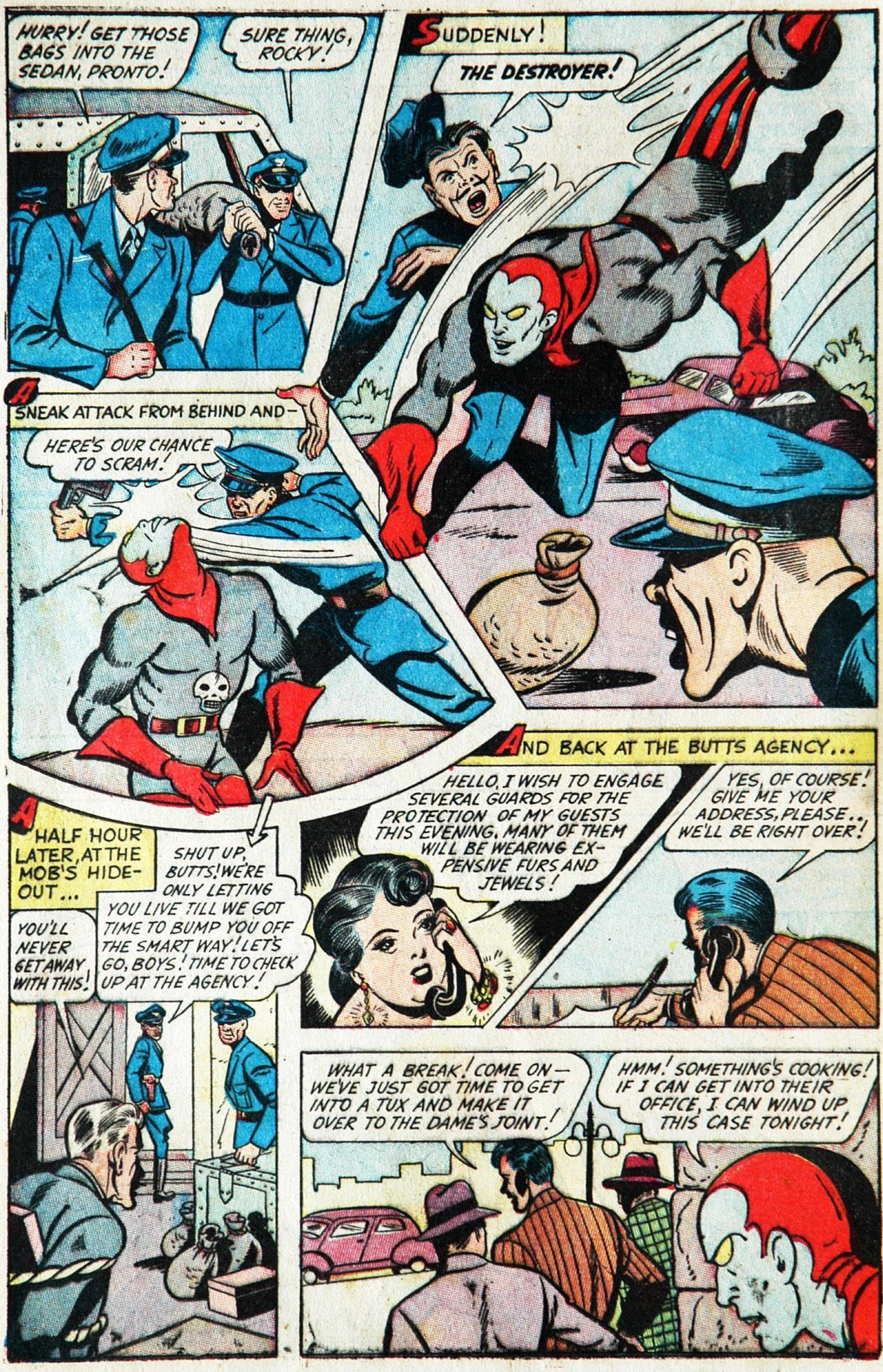
The End

The DESTROYER
IN AGENCY OF DEATH!
EXTRA! EXTRA! ROCKY SCARPULLA, THE MAN WHO IS AS CROOKED AS A BENT PRETZEL, GOES STRAIGHT! NO MORE ROBBERIES- NO MORE RACKETS-NO MORE MURDERS! THAT'S ROCKY'S STORY, AND A PRETTY GOOD ONE IT IS TOO, UNTIL THE DESTROYER INVESTIGATES TO LEARN THE TRUTH BEHIND "THE REFORMING OF ROCKY SCARPULLA!"
IN AN UNDERWORLD HIDEOUT, ROCKY SCARPULLA HOLDS A CONFERENCE..
ALL OF US HAVE TAKEN RAPS.. WHY? BECAUSE WE BEEN WORKIN' AGAINST THE LAW! FROM NOW ON WE'RE GOING LEGIT!
DON'T TELL ME WE'RE GONNA JOIN THE COPS!
WHAT'S THE PITCH, ROCKY?
D-31

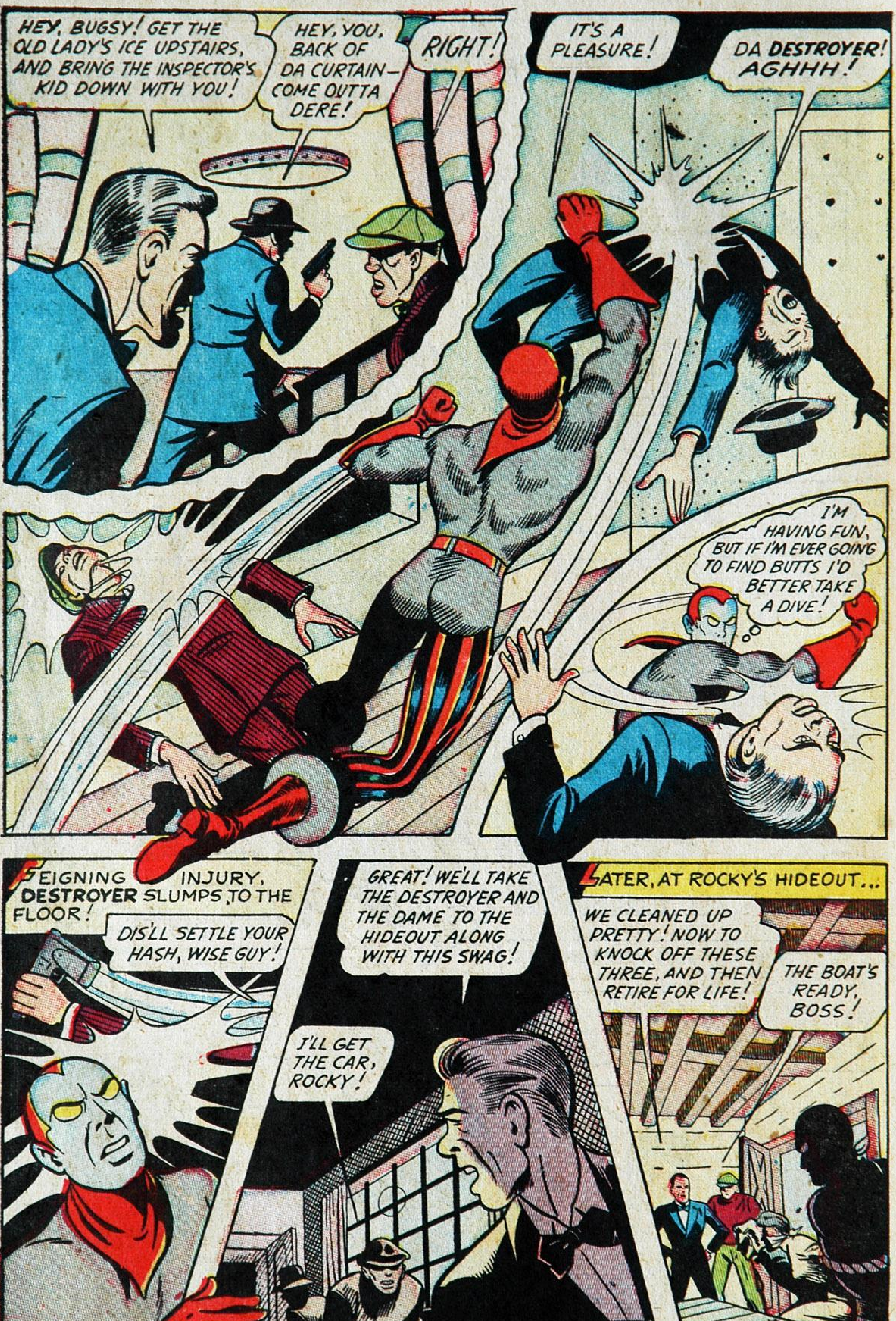
GET THIS, BOYS! - HELLO, INSPECTOR BUTTS? THIS IS ROCKY SCARPULLA! I'M DROPPING IN ON YOU TONIGHT, AND YOU BETTER BE IN!
WHAT GOES, BOSS? A PHONEY DETECTIVE AGENCY? POIFECT!
LATER, AT THE BUTTS HOME...
I'M ROCKY... I WANT TO SEE YOUR OLD MAN!
VERY WELL! WILL YOU COME IN?
HMMM, I WONDER WHAT THOSE CHARACTERS WANT WITH DAD?
YOU COMING TO ME WITH A PROPOSITION LIKE THIS?? GET OUT, YOU NERVY CROOK, BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT!
BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, BUTTS, BEFORE YOU START HEAVIN' ANYBODY OUT!
CAROL'S ADOPTION PAPERS!! YOU'D DELIBERATELY RUIN HER ENTIRE FUTURE!!!
WHY NOT? THE NEWSPAPERS WOULD EAT THIS UP! YOU AND I KNOW THE KID'S OLD MAN WAS KILLER GROGAN! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, COPPER, BECAUSE YOU BUMPED HIM OFF... TRYING TO MAKE A PINCH!
SO IT'S BLACKMAIL, EH? WELL... YOU'VE GOT MY HANDS TIED... YOU WIN!
I WONDER WHAT THOSE HORRIBLE MEN ARE HOLDING OVER DAD'S HEAD?
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, ALONE IN HER FATHER'S STUDY...
DAD'S HANDS MAY BE TIED... BUT MINE ARE NOT! I'M GOING TO SEE THE DESTROYER, AND THIS GLASS MAY HELP HIM!

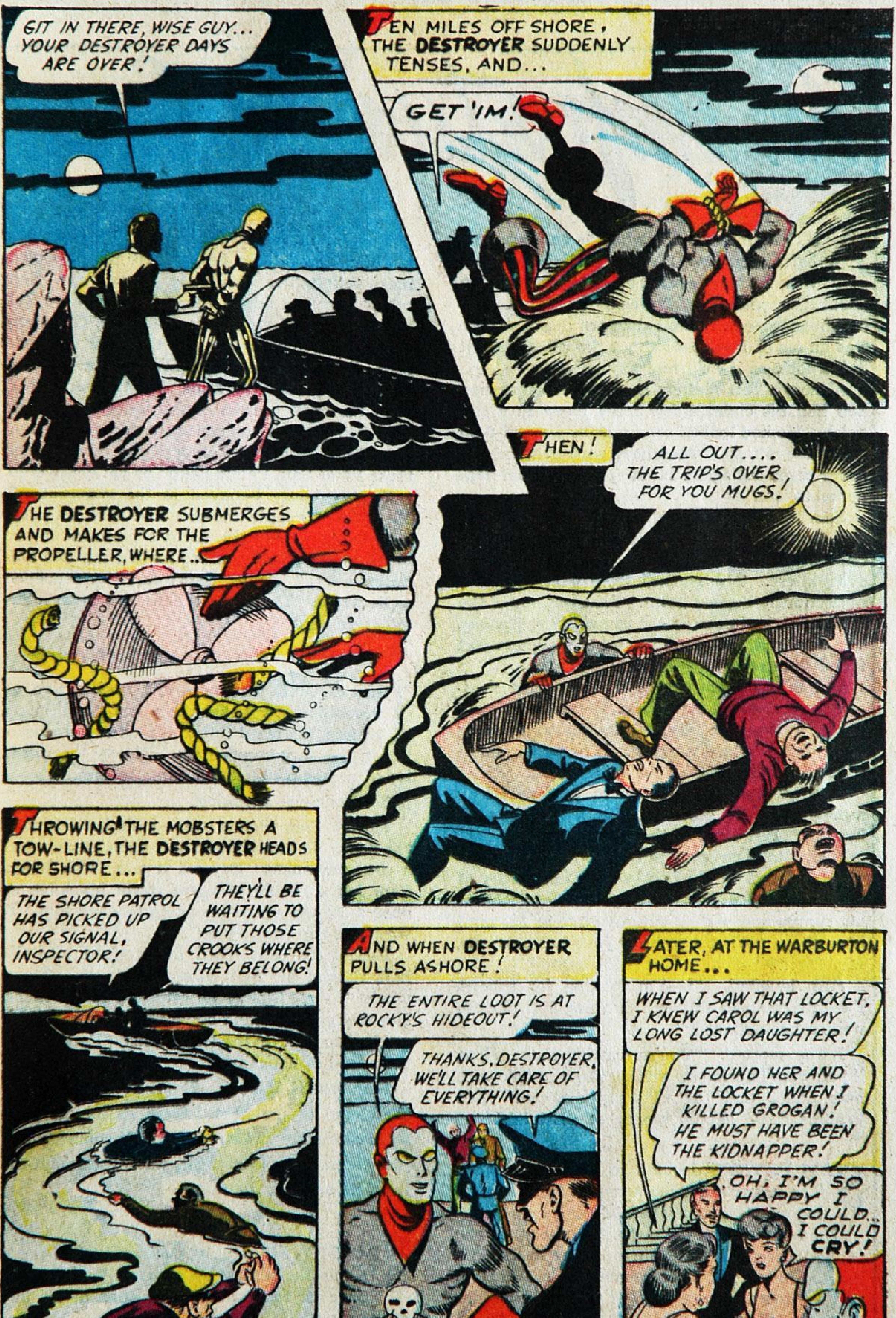

THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT JERRY CRANE'S PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY---
I WISH JERRY WOULD RETURN··THIS PLACE IS LIKE A MORGUE!
OH, OH! SAVED BY THE BELL! I'LL BE BACK IN A MOMENT WITH A LIVE CLIENT- I HOPE... I HOPE I HOPE!
RRR-ING
I'M CAROL BUTTS! I MUST SEE THE DESTROYER AT ONCE!
THIS WAY, PLEASE! AND YOU'RE MIGHTY LUCKY THE DESTROYER'S PINCH-HITTING FOR JERRY CRANE! JERRY'S GOOD BUT THE DESTROYER'S TERRIFIC!
PRIVATE
...YOU SAY YOUR FATHER IS BEING FORCED TO CO-OPERATE WITH THOSE PEOPLE? WHO ARE THEY?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT THE LEADER'S FINGER PRINTS ARE ON THIS GLASS!
DUSTING AND PHOTOGRAPHING THE GLASS, DESTROYER QUICKLY CLASSIFIES THE FINGER-PRINTS FOUND ON IT! THEN...
POLICE HEADQUARTERS? DESTROYER SPEAKING... WILL YOU GET YOUR FINGER PRINT RECORDS OUT?.. CLASSIFICATION 3-D... GOOD, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS-
ROCKY SCARPULLA!
YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE, DESTROYER. HE'S GOING STRAIGHT! THE BOYS TELL ME HE'S OPENED A PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY WITH RETIRED INSPECTOR BUTTS!
THAT NIGHT..
NOW TO TAP THE WIRES TO THE BUTTS DETECTIVE AGENCY...AND AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS!...


OVER THE TAPPED TELEPHONE — WIRES, **DESTROYER** HEARS---
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK? VERY WELL, SIR! THREE ARMED GUARDS WILL MEET THE ARMORED TRUCK TOMORROW AT 1 O'CLOCK SHARP!
NEXT DAY..!
O.K. YOU GOT YOUR ORDERS, MEN!
SURE, ROCKY!
SO FAR, SO GOOD.. NOW TO TRAIL THEM AND MAKE SURE ROCKY'S GOING STRAIGHT!
HMM! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, HERE'S WHERE ROCKY TRIES TO PULL A FAST ONE!
UP AHEAD, ROCKY TAKES OVER!
THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE PUNKS!
WHY.. YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT!


HURRY! GET THOSE BAGS INTO THE SEDAN, PRONTO!
SURE THING, ROCKY!
SUDDENLY!
THE DESTROYER!
A SNEAK ATTACK FROM BEHIND AND—
HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO SCRAM!
AND BACK AT THE BUTTS AGENCY...
HELLO, I WISH TO ENGAGE SEVERAL GUARDS FOR THE PROTECTION OF MY GUESTS THIS EVENING. MANY OF THEM WILL BE WEARING EXPENSIVE FURS AND JEWELS!
YES, OF COURSE! GIVE ME YOUR ADDRESS, PLEASE.. WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
A HALF HOUR LATER, AT THE MOB'S HIDE-OUT...
SHUT UP, BUTTS! WE'RE ONLY LETTING YOU LIVE TILL WE GOT TIME TO BUMP YOU OFF THE SMART WAY! LET'S GO, BOYS! TIME TO CHECK UP AT THE AGENCY!
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!
WHAT A BREAK! COME ON— WE'VE JUST GOT TIME TO GET INTO A TUX AND MAKE IT OVER TO THE DAME'S JOINT!
HMM! SOMETHING'S COOKING! IF I CAN GET INTO THEIR OFFICE, I CAN WIND UP THIS CASE TONIGHT!

AFTER DEFTLY PICKING THE LOCK...
NOW TO GO OVER THIS PLACE WITH A FINE COMB!
BUTTS DET. AGENCY
THE DESTROYER'S KEEN GLANCE LIGHTS ON A BLANK APPOINTMENT PAD!
GRAPHITE DUST RUBBED ON THIS SHEET WILL REVEAL THE LAST MESSAGE WRITTEN ON THIS PAD!
HMM! MRS. J.W. WARBURTON, ...6540 PARK AVE! THAT MUST BE WHERE ROCKY WAS GOING!
MEANWHILE AT THE WARBURTON HOME...
OH, JIM... IT'S TWENTY YEARS AGO TONIGHT, DEAR, THAT OUR LITTLE GIRL DISAPPEARED!
YES, DEAR... ALL WE HAVE ARE MEMORIES AND THAT HALF LOCKET THE KIDNAPPER SENT US!
AS THE GUESTS ARRIVE....
MRS. WARBURTON, MAY I PRESENT MY FIANCEE- MISS CAROL BUTTS!
GRACIOUS! THAT LOCKET... I MUST SEE YOU ALONE, AT ONCE!
MY LOCKET??? WHY, YES, OF COURSE!
IN THE PRIVACY OF MRS. WARBURTON'S DRESSING ROOM...
THE PIECES FIT PERFECTLY... OH, MY CHILD, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS LOCKET?
I DON'T KNOW! I'VE HAD IT EVER SINCE I WAS A BABY!
AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE SALON BELOW...!
ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY! LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL, AND YOU WON'T GET HURT! THIS IS A STICK-UP!!
YOU HOID 'IM! GIT OVER DERE!


HEY, BUGSY! GET THE OLD LADY'S ICE UPSTAIRS, AND BRING THE INSPECTOR'S KID DOWN WITH YOU!
HEY, YOU. BACK OF DA CURTAIN— COME OUTTA DERE!
RIGHT!
IT'S A PLEASURE!
DA DESTROYER! AGHHH!
I'M HAVING FUN, BUT IF I'M EVER GOING TO FIND BUTTS I'D BETTER TAKE A DIVE!
FEIGNING INJURY, DESTROYER SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR!
DIS'LL SETTLE YOUR HASH, WISE GUY!
GREAT! WE'LL TAKE THE DESTROYER AND THE DAME TO THE HIDEOUT ALONG WITH THIS SWAG!
I'LL GET THE CAR, ROCKY!
LATER, AT ROCKY'S HIDEOUT...
WE CLEANED UP PRETTY! NOW TO KNOCK OFF THESE THREE, AND THEN RETIRE FOR LIFE!
THE BOAT'S READY, BOSS!


GIT IN THERE, WISE GUY... YOUR DESTROYER DAYS ARE OVER!
TEN MILES OFF SHORE, THE DESTROYER SUDDENLY TENSES, AND...
GET 'IM!
THE DESTROYER SUBMERGES AND MAKES FOR THE PROPELLER, WHERE...
THEN!
ALL OUT.... THE TRIP'S OVER FOR YOU MUGS!
THROWING THE MOBSTERS A TOW-LINE, THE DESTROYER HEADS FOR SHORE...
THE SHORE PATROL HAS PICKED UP OUR SIGNAL, INSPECTOR!
THEY'LL BE WAITING TO PUT THOSE CROOKS WHERE THEY BELONG!
AND WHEN DESTROYER PULLS ASHORE!
THE ENTIRE LOOT IS AT ROCKY'S HIDEOUT!
THANKS, DESTROYER. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!
LATER, AT THE WARBURTON HOME...
WHEN I SAW THAT LOCKET, I KNEW CAROL WAS MY LONG LOST DAUGHTER!
I FOUND HER AND THE LOCKET WHEN I KILLED GROGAN! HE MUST HAVE BEEN THE KIDNAPPER!
OH, I'M SO HAPPY I COULD... I COULD CRY!
THE END

An Unfortunate Ghost

AFTER looking the ghost-town over just before sundown, Sam Peters decided there was nothing even remotely threatening about its appearance. It was deserted, yes. The buildings were in various stages of decay. There was an air of loneliness about the place. But it didn't look as if he'd find any spooks.

Although Zeb Walters had warned otherwise. Zeb had his claim a few miles away in a dry gulch. He had looked ornery as he warned Sam about the village. "Men have gone in there and never come out again. Nobody knows what happened to 'em."

Sam Peters thought about old Zeb's warning now, as he stood on the threshold of what had once been the hotel. Dust was an inch thick everywhere. The general store next door had mysteriously burned down. That was one of the things Zeb had pointed out as evidence. Spooks, Zed declared, had done it, and Sam Peters had found his curiosity uplifted.

Out in the street Sam saw that purple shadows were cloaking the valley. He walked slowly along, eyeing the disused buildings, thinking about Zeb Walters' warning. If he were right—

"Still spook hunting?" a voice asked.

Sam jumped, then forced a grin as Kirby moved out of the dark. "Looks like it'll be poor hunting. But some of the stories—"

"Don't take no stock in the stories," Kirby advised. "I reckon old Zeb Walters has plenty of 'em, but it's just guff." Kirby turned to look at his companion with a curious glint in his mild blue eyes. "What'd you say your business was, Mr. Peters?"

Sam laughed. "I—I'm looking for spooks. I'm interested in this sort of thing and plan to write a book about it."

Kirby snorted. "You're wasting time. Now, if you were figuring on writing about people with bats under their hat, I'd say different. Zeb Walters could supply plenty of material."

* * * * *

SAM PETERS decided to let it go at that. The important thing now was to set up living quarters somewhere.

The hotel offered the best site and Sam lit one of the lanterns he had brought. The stairs leading to the second floor seemed secure enough and the rooms above were as well preserved as the ones below.

Sam Peters moved in, bag and baggage. For a while after supper he sat writing notes on a make-shift table. It certainly was quiet. Sam relaxed, writing slowly, thinking about what Zeb had said and Kirby had contradicted. One thing neither had mentioned was the gold that had been discovered near-by years before. It had been one of the big finds and the result had been the swift growth of the village. But the gold had petered out abruptly and people had moved on. Whether Zeb or Kirby remembered those times Sam Peters hadn't as yet discovered.

Zeb evidently believed in the supernatural. He claimed people couldn't live here, although he'd failed to explain Kirby's presence for so many years. Sam had the feeling the two old-timers weren't friends. Sam's curiosity deepened as he wrote. There was a definite human interest angle—

* * * * *

THE SOUND was quite soft, unobtrusive, as if unwilling to disturb the writer. Sam Peters paused, his mind full of the odd characteristics of this forgotten village. Slowly the words faded as again the sound came to him.

Someone was knocking.

Slowly Sam Peters turned his head toward the door. It was wedged half open, standing at a drunken angle. Beyond it was pitch black. Sam felt a trickle of sweat down his spine as once more the gentle knocking reached him. It wasn't at the door, either. . . .

Resolutely Sam stood up, stepped into the hall, flashed his light along its length. There was nothing. Slowly he returned to his notes. But thoughts wouldn't come now. His ears were attuned to pick up the least sound. Particularly the sound of knocking.

Sam tensed sharply. From downstairs came the sound of footsteps. Slow, deliberate footsteps along the rickety floor, as if someone had just entered the front door, walked through the building and out the rear.

* * * * *

SAM MOVED tensely, decided he had made a mistake setting up quarters here. All at once he felt cramped; in need of air and elbow room.

Trying not to hurry, Sam packed his belongings and moved out. Back of the village, near the edgs of the woods, he set up camp. The sky had clouded over. Occasional drops of rain were falling. Sam got his tent up, his luggage inside. That done, he looked back toward the village. Something was wrong there, and it was more than spooks.

Feeling the urge to talk to someone, Sam started out for Kirby's shack. But Kirby was not there. The single room was empty.

Uneasily Sam adjusted his thoughts. Kirby should be here. It was nearly midnight. Why had he gone out? There was nowhere to go.

Turning into the darkness, Sam started to investigate. Rain was falling harder. Uneasiness gripped him. Where was Kirby? Why had he gone out?

Sam traveled slowly, looking through windows and doors. He was half way through the village when he discovered Kirby, lying at the foot of a short flight of stairs leading into the rear of the hotel.

He was out cold and there was a deep gash across the base of his skull. Kirby had been struck down and not by a ghost.

Sam bent down and picked the limp figure up into his arms, and returned to camp. He made his companion comfortable, examined the wound at the back of his head. It was deep, ugly. Kirby was still unconscious.

Something was wrong here, Sam told himself. —There were spooks alright, but they were the live kind. There must be a purpose back of their ghostly affairs. Something was happening. Something vitally important and at the same time dangerous.

But what? The village was supposed to be deserted. . . .

* * * * *

RESOLUTELY Sam Peters stepped out into the night. Rain was coming down faster now and Sam hurried back to the hotel. Everything had happened here. It seemed to be the center of all the unexplained events. Resolutely Sam Peters began his exploration. The lantern he carried relieved some of the gloom. He investigated the top floor of the old building. There was nothing. Sam started down the stairs—

With a grinding crash they gave way. Amid a cloud of timbers and dust, Sam plunged to the first floor. The lantern flew from his hand. A beam struck him a glancing blow. He staggered, went to hands and knees—

Behind him came the crackle of fire. Desperately Sam forced himself to his feet. Flames were eating the dry wood. Sam whirled, raced out into the street.

Within brief minutes the fire was licking skyward. It lit up the surrounding buildings, pushing the shadows away across the street. The crackle rose into a roar. Sam retreated—,

A figure leaped out of the hotel suddenly, stumbled and rolled over into the street, then staggered to its feet. It turned back toward the flaming building.

Sam Peters started forward. He recognized Zeb Walters.

Zeb spun as Sam said, "Smoked the spook out, huh, pard? Looks like your haunting days are over!"

Swiftly Zeb's hand darted to the holstered gun on his hip, flashed out and up—

Sam grabbed the up-coming arm. Old Zeb was powerful. Slowly he forced the gun hand up. His face was contorted with rage, his whiskered mouth twisted into a grimace of hate.

"Gold!" he screamed. "It's mine! I found it. It's under the hotel and it's all mine, I say! You and Kirby—"

Desperately Sam Peters twisted his body aside, threw his strength with Zeb's to bring the gun hand up over Zeb's head and down behind him. He screamed under Sam's weight and strength. Zeb's knees buckled as he gave way in an effort to avoid having his shoulder shattered. He went backward into the dust, the gun dropping from his grip.

Sam Peters scooped it up. "Don't make a move!" he panted, leveling the weapon. "You're a goner if you do!"

* * * * *

ZEB WALTERS was subdued. With his hands bound behind him, he marched back to Sam's camp. The rain was coming down in torrents. The fire wouldn't last long. There was no danger of its spreading.

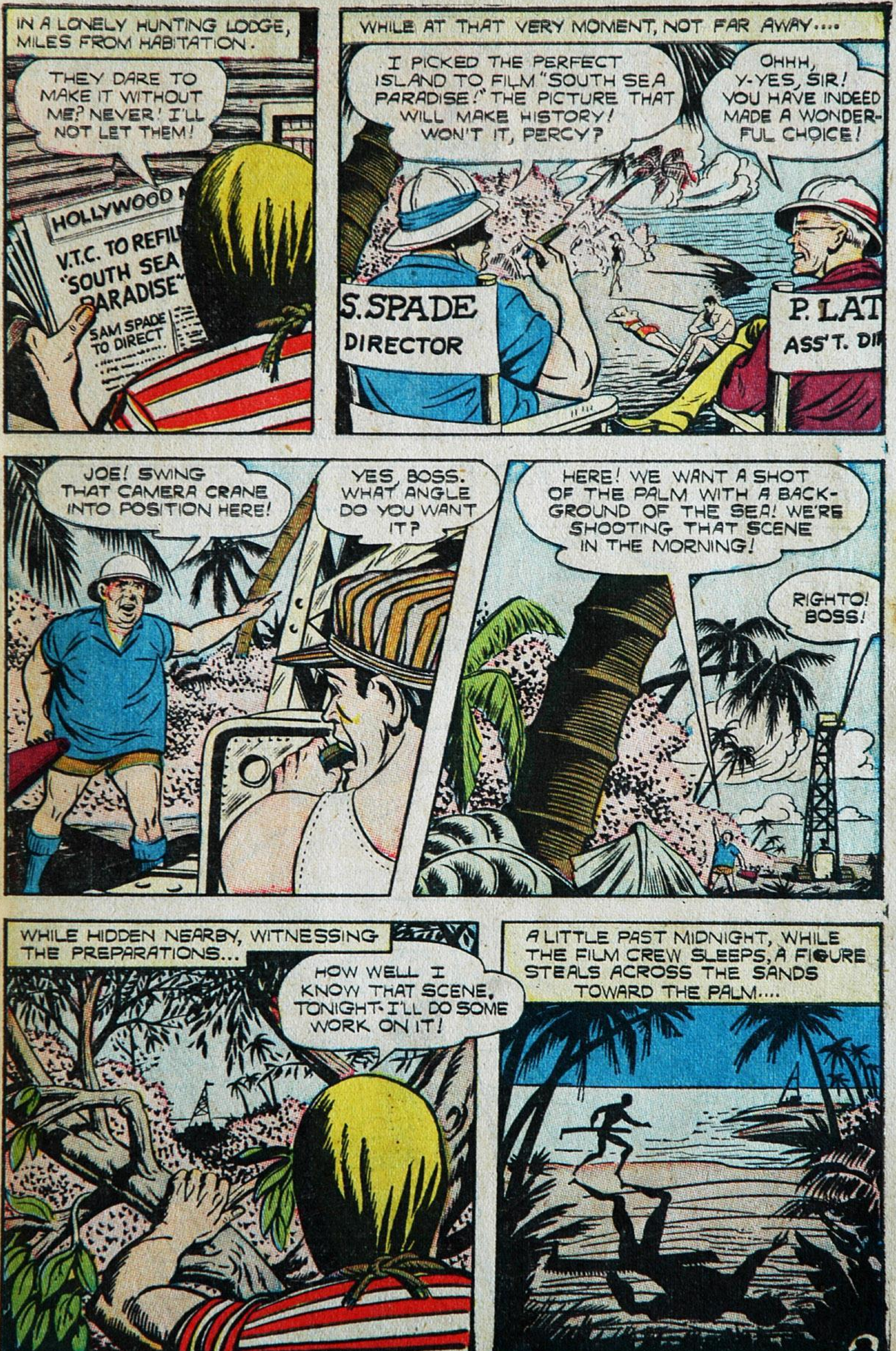
Sam said: "I thought it was you. Or Kirby. I didn't know which, but I was being fooled by that ghost stuff you tried to cram down my throat. You found gold under the hotel alright. That's why you tried to scare me and Kirby away. You knocked on the walls of the hotel, and walked through it to give me the willies. It wouldn't work with Kirby. Maybe he even discovered you tonight and you slugged him."

Zeb snarled, "It's my gold. I been working it all this time—"

"It won't do you any good," Sam retorted. "The law will take care of that. "You're going where gold and ghost acts won't do any good!"

THE END

SUB-MARINER
IN HORROR ISLAND

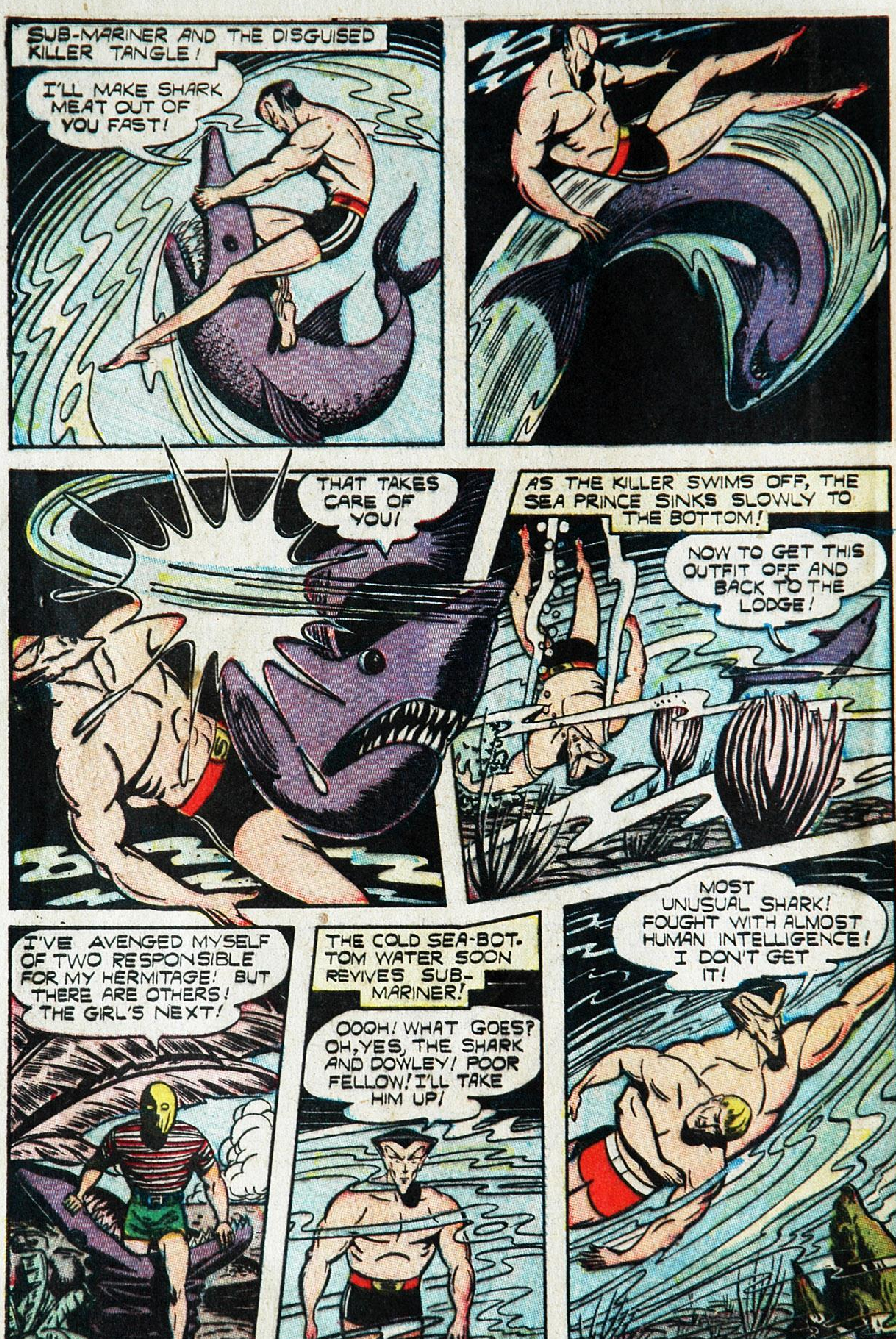

IN A LONELY HUNTING LODGE, MILES FROM HABITATION.
THEY DARE TO MAKE IT WITHOUT ME? NEVER! I'LL NOT LET THEM!
HOLLYWOOD N
V.T.C. TO REFIL "SOUTH SEA PARADISE"
SAM SPADE TO DIRECT
WHILE AT THAT VERY MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY....
I PICKED THE PERFECT ISLAND TO FILM "SOUTH SEA PARADISE!" THE PICTURE THAT WILL MAKE HISTORY! WON'T IT, PERCY?
OHHH, Y-YES, SIR! YOU HAVE INDEED MADE A WONDERFUL CHOICE!
S. SPADE DIRECTOR
P. LAT ASS'T. DI
JOE! SWING THAT CAMERA CRANE INTO POSITION HERE!
YES, BOSS. WHAT ANGLE DO YOU WANT IT?
HERE! WE WANT A SHOT OF THE PALM WITH A BACKGROUND OF THE SEA! WE'RE SHOOTING THAT SCENE IN THE MORNING!
RIGHTO! BOSS!
WHILE HIDDEN NEARBY, WITNESSING THE PREPARATIONS...
HOW WELL I KNOW THAT SCENE. TONIGHT I'LL DO SOME WORK ON IT!
A LITTLE PAST MIDNIGHT, WHILE THE FILM CREW SLEEPS, A FIGURE STEALS ACROSS THE SANDS TOWARD THE PALM....

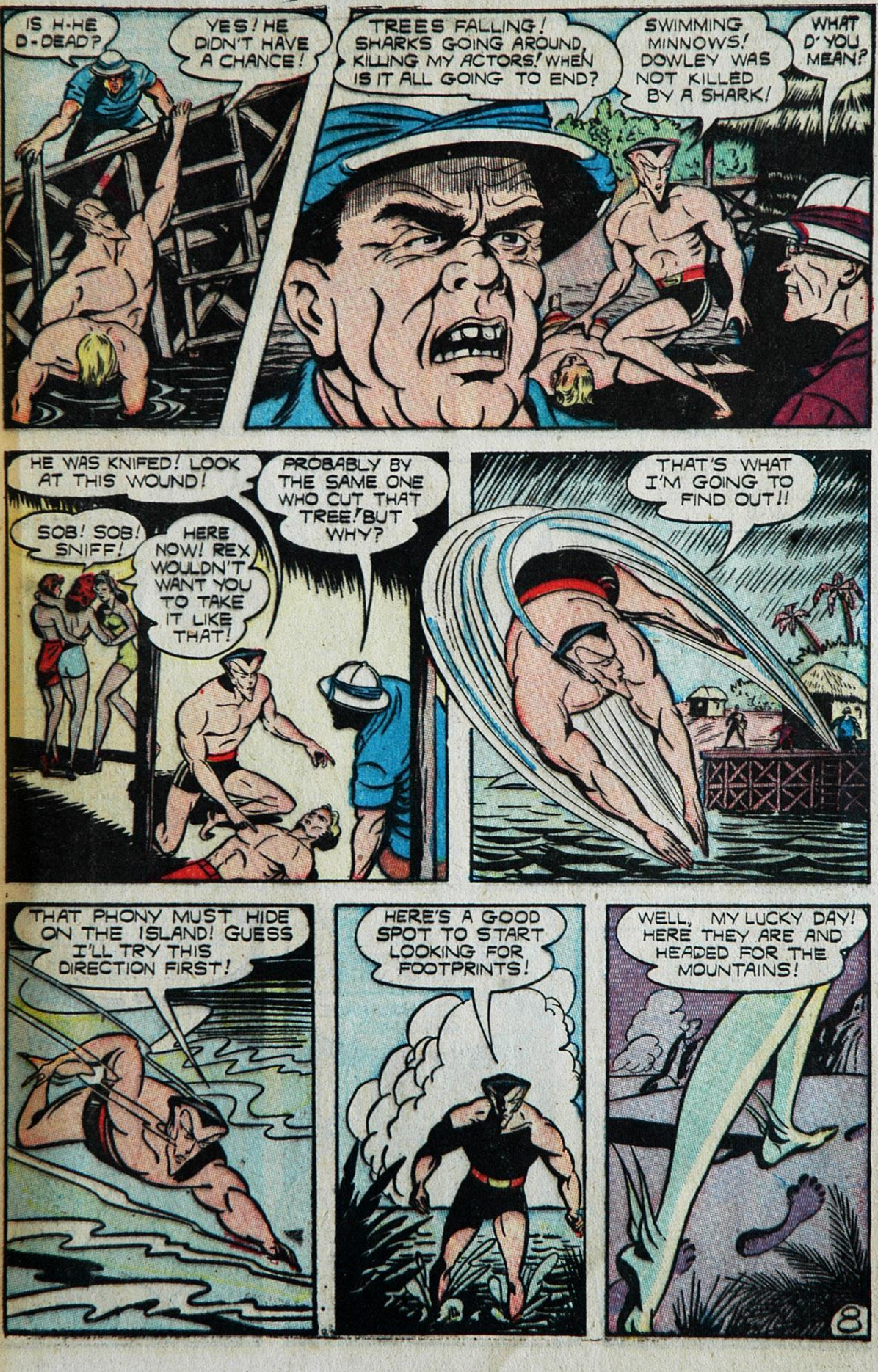
AND...
THIS'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF THAT SCENE!
EARLY NEXT MORNING...
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO OVER THE SCRIPT AGAIN. THE SHIP IS WRECKED IN A STORM AND THE PASSENGERS WASHED UP ON THIS...
MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY, SUB-MARINER IS SURFACE FISHING FOR SPORT....
WHEN, AS HE LEAPS OUT OF THE WATER TO CATCH A FLYING FISH....
OH! OH! PICTURE-MAKING ON THAT ISLAND!
THOSE FISH ARE TOO SLOW FOR ME TO HAVE ANY FUN WITH. BETTER SEE PICTURES MADE!
NOW, BLANE! YOU'RE DOUBLING FOR THE STAR, REX DOWLEY HERE. THE SHOT CALLS FOR YOU CLIMBING THE PALM AND HANGING THE FLAG.
THAT'S EASY, SPADE!
GOOD LUCK, BLANE!
3

AS THE CAMERAS GRIND AWAY, THE STUNT-MAN CLIMBS RAPIDLY TOWARD THE TOP OF THE SWAYING PALM.
THAT TREE LOOKS LIKE IT IS GOING TO FALL WITH THE MAN ON IT! THESE MOVIE PEOPLE SURE ARE A DARING LOT!
THE SABOTAGED TREE SNAPS AT THE BASE, AND...
OHHHH!!!
CRASH
BLANE'S CAUGHT UNDER IT!! GET THE DOCTOR, QUICK!!!
ARRIVING AT THE SCENE AT THIS VERY INSTANT, SUB-MARINER LIFTS THE TREE AND HURLS IT FREE OF BLANE!
YOU MOVIE PEOPLE SOMETIMES GO A LITTLE TOO FAR TO GET THE SHOTS YOU WANT!
SUB-MARINER?!!

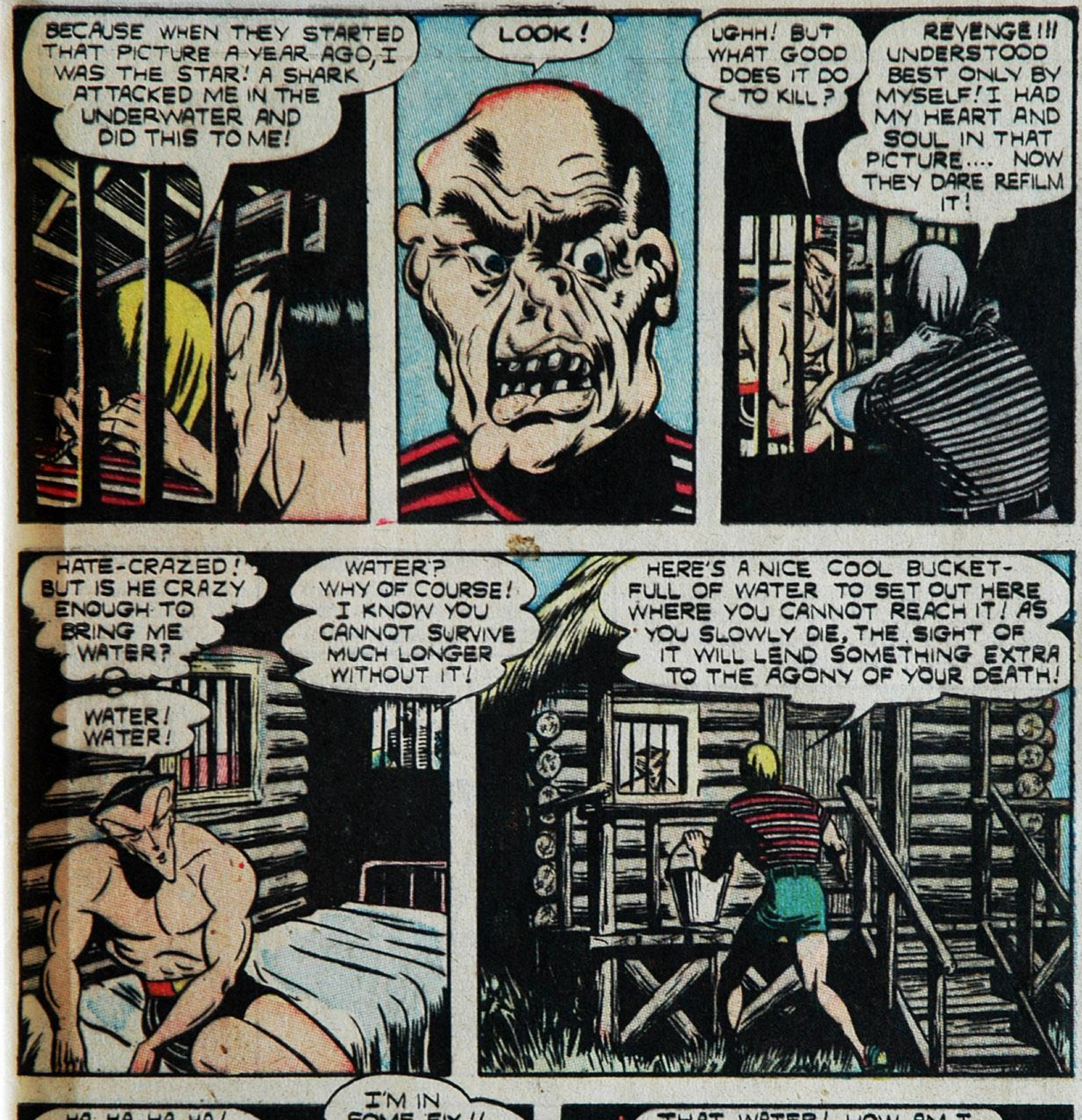
OH! NO, SUB-MARINER! THE TREE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO DROP! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! HOW IS HE, DOC?
DEAD! KILLED INSTANTLY!
IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT TO ME! BUT WE'LL SOON SEE! COME ON!
DEAD! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITHOUT HIM?
THIS TREE WAS SAWED THROUGH! IT'S COLD-BLOODED MURDER!
MURDER! BUT WHO'D WANT TO KILL HIM? WHY?
THAT WE'LL FIND OUT! I'LL STICK AROUND JUST IN CASE THE KILLER WANTS TO PLAY SOME MORE!
YES, DO, SUB-MARINER! I'D FEEL MUCH SAFER!
CURSE IT! THEY KNOW IT'S MURDER! THAT SNOOPING SUB-MARINER! WELL.....
WE CAN'T LET THIS TRAGEDY INTERFERE! THE SHOW MUST GO ON! ALL RIGHT. PREPARE FOR THE NEXT SCENE! REX, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO YOUR ACTS ALONE NOW!
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME! AND LET'S MAKE THEM GOOD FOR BLANE'S SAKE!!

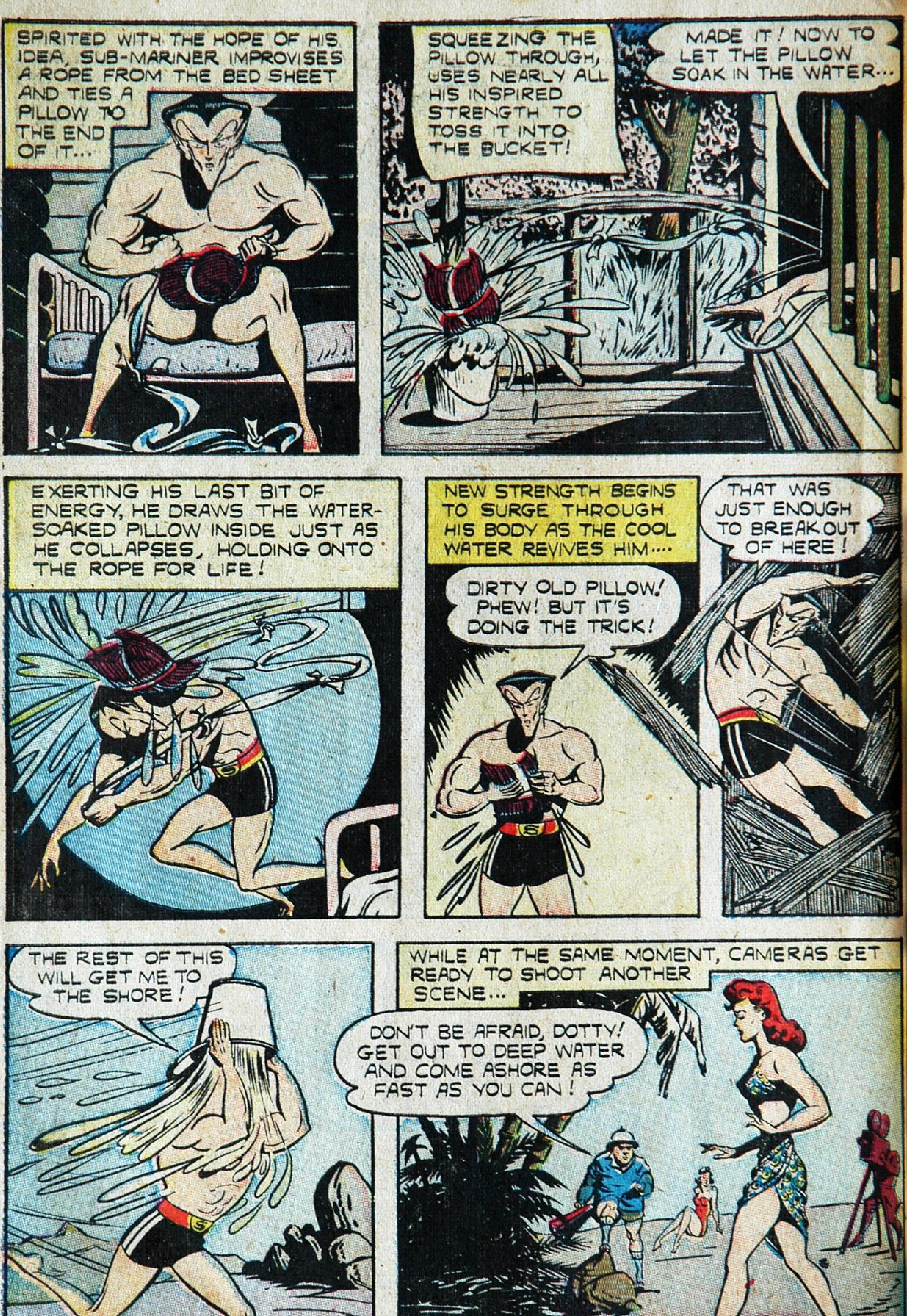
ALL WE WANT IS A SHOT OF THE DIVER! ALL SET, REX! ....CAMERA....ACTION!
BUT JUST AS REX PLUNGES INTO THE WATER....
SHARKS! I GOT TO GET UP FAST!
SWIM, REX DOWLEY! STRUGGLE LIKE I DID.... TILL YOUR POUNDING HEART BREAKS! BUT YOU WON'T ESCAPE MY VENGEANCE!
REX BREAKS THE SURFACE, BUT ONLY TO SHOUT HYSTERICALLY!
SHARKS! SHARKS! HELP!! HELP!! AHHHHHH!!!!
SHARKS! THIS IS WHERE I COME IN!
TOO LATE, BUT I CAN GET THAT KILLER SHARK!
AHHH, REVENGE IS SWEET! NOW FOR SUB-MARINER!
6


SUB-MARINER AND THE DISGUISED KILLER TANGLE!
I'LL MAKE SHARK MEAT OUT OF YOU FAST!
THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU!
AS THE KILLER SWIMS OFF, THE SEA PRINCE SINKS SLOWLY TO THE BOTTOM!
NOW TO GET THIS OUTFIT OFF AND BACK TO THE LODGE!
I'VE AVENGED MYSELF OF TWO RESPONSIBLE FOR MY HERMITAGE! BUT THERE ARE OTHERS! THE GIRL'S NEXT!
THE COLD SEA-BOTTOM WATER SOON REVIVES SUB-MARINER!
OOOH! WHAT GOES? OH, YES, THE SHARK AND DOWLEY! POOR FELLOW! I'LL TAKE HIM UP!
MOST UNUSUAL SHARK! FOUGHT WITH ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE! I DON'T GET IT!


IS H-HE D-DEAD?
YES! HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!
TREES FALLING! SHARKS GOING AROUND, KILLING MY ACTORS! WHEN IS IT ALL GOING TO END?
SWIMMING MINNOWS! DOWLEY WAS NOT KILLED BY A SHARK!
WHAT D'YOU MEAN?
HE WAS KNIFED! LOOK AT THIS WOUND!
PROBABLY BY THE SAME ONE WHO CUT THAT TREE! BUT WHY?
SOB! SOB! SNIFF!
HERE NOW! REX WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO TAKE IT LIKE THAT!
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!!
THAT PHONY MUST HIDE ON THE ISLAND! GUESS I'LL TRY THIS DIRECTION FIRST!
HERE'S A GOOD SPOT TO START LOOKING FOR FOOTPRINTS!
WELL, MY LUCKY DAY! HERE THEY ARE AND HEADED FOR THE MOUNTAINS!
8

A FEW HOURS OF FOLLOWING THE TRACKS, AND PRINCE NAMOR STOPS TO REST...
WHEW! IT'S HOT! ANOTHER HOUR WITHOUT WATER WOULD ALMOST KILL ME... THERE MUST BE A CREEK AT THE FAR HEAD OF THAT GULLY!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, ANOTHER FIGURE AHEAD STOPS AND SCANS ABOUT...
WHAT TH...?? SUB-MARINER'S AFTER ME!
BUT I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME! AND HOW!
THAT MUST HAVE KILLED HIM! BETTER GO DOWN AND SEE!
NOT DEAD YET! THAT GUY'S PLENTY TOUGH! WELL, I KNOW SOMETHING HE CAN'T WITHSTAND!
LATER, WHEN SUB-MARINER COMES TO, IN A VERY WEAKENED CONDITION FROM LACK OF WATER...
I SEE YOU HAVE AWAKENED!
NO KIDDING! JUDGING FROM THE MASK, YOU MUST BE THE KILLER!
YES, I KILLED BLANE AND DOWLEY, ...AND THERE WILL BE OTHERS!
BUT WHY?


BECAUSE WHEN THEY STARTED THAT PICTURE A YEAR AGO, I WAS THE STAR! A SHARK ATTACKED ME IN THE UNDERWATER AND DID THIS TO ME!
LOOK!
UGHH! BUT WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO TO KILL?
REVENGE!!! UNDERSTOOD BEST ONLY BY MYSELF! I HAD MY HEART AND SOUL IN THAT PICTURE.... NOW THEY DARE REFILM IT!
HATE-CRAZED! BUT IS HE CRAZY ENOUGH TO BRING ME WATER?
WATER! WATER!
WATER? WHY OF COURSE! I KNOW YOU CANNOT SURVIVE MUCH LONGER WITHOUT IT!
HERE'S A NICE COOL BUCKET-FULL OF WATER TO SET OUT HERE WHERE YOU CANNOT REACH IT! AS YOU SLOWLY DIE, THE SIGHT OF IT WILL LEND SOMETHING EXTRA TO THE AGONY OF YOUR DEATH!
HA, HA, HA, HA! I'D LIKE TO STICK AROUND AND ENJOY IT, BUT I MUST GO TO COMPLETE MY REVENGE! THE GIRL IS NEXT!
I'M IN SOME FIX!! HIM OFF TO KILL A HARMLESS GIRL AND ME SIX FEET FROM THE WATER I NEED TO SAVE HER! AND GETTING TOO WEAK EVEN TO BUDGE!
THAT WATER! HOW AM I GOING TO...? HMMM! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! THE BED.....


SPIRITED WITH THE HOPE OF HIS IDEA, SUB-MARINER IMPROVISES A ROPE FROM THE BED SHEET AND TIES A PILLOW TO THE END OF IT...
SQUEEZING THE PILLOW THROUGH, USES NEARLY ALL HIS INSPIRED STRENGTH TO TOSS IT INTO THE BUCKET!
MADE IT! NOW TO LET THE PILLOW SOAK IN THE WATER...
EXERTING HIS LAST BIT OF ENERGY, HE DRAWS THE WATER-SOAKED PILLOW INSIDE JUST AS HE COLLAPSES, HOLDING ONTO THE ROPE FOR LIFE!
NEW STRENGTH BEGINS TO SURGE THROUGH HIS BODY AS THE COOL WATER REVIVES HIM....
DIRTY OLD PILLOW! PHEW! BUT IT'S DOING THE TRICK!
THAT WAS JUST ENOUGH TO BREAK OUT OF HERE!
THE REST OF THIS WILL GET ME TO THE SHORE!
WHILE AT THE SAME MOMENT, CAMERAS GET READY TO SHOOT ANOTHER SCENE...
DON'T BE AFRAID, DOTTY! GET OUT TO DEEP WATER AND COME ASHORE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

AND PREPARING TO STRIKE, NOT FAR AWAY....
BUT AS THE KILLER STARTS TO ATTACK...
NOT THIS TIME, MY ENVY-CRAZED MURDERER!
... NOR ANY OTHER TIME!
DRAGGING THE MURDERER'S PROSTRATE FORM ASHORE, HIS IDENTITY IS IMMEDIATELY REVEALED TO THE DIRECTOR...
WHY, IT'S JOHN RAYBURN, PAST IDOL OF MILLIONS! WHY WOULD HE WANT TO..?
MADNESS DOES STRANGE THINGS!
WELL, FOLKS, IT'S ALL OVER! SO LONG!
HEY! WAIT! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE IN THE MOVIES?
NO, THANKS!
END

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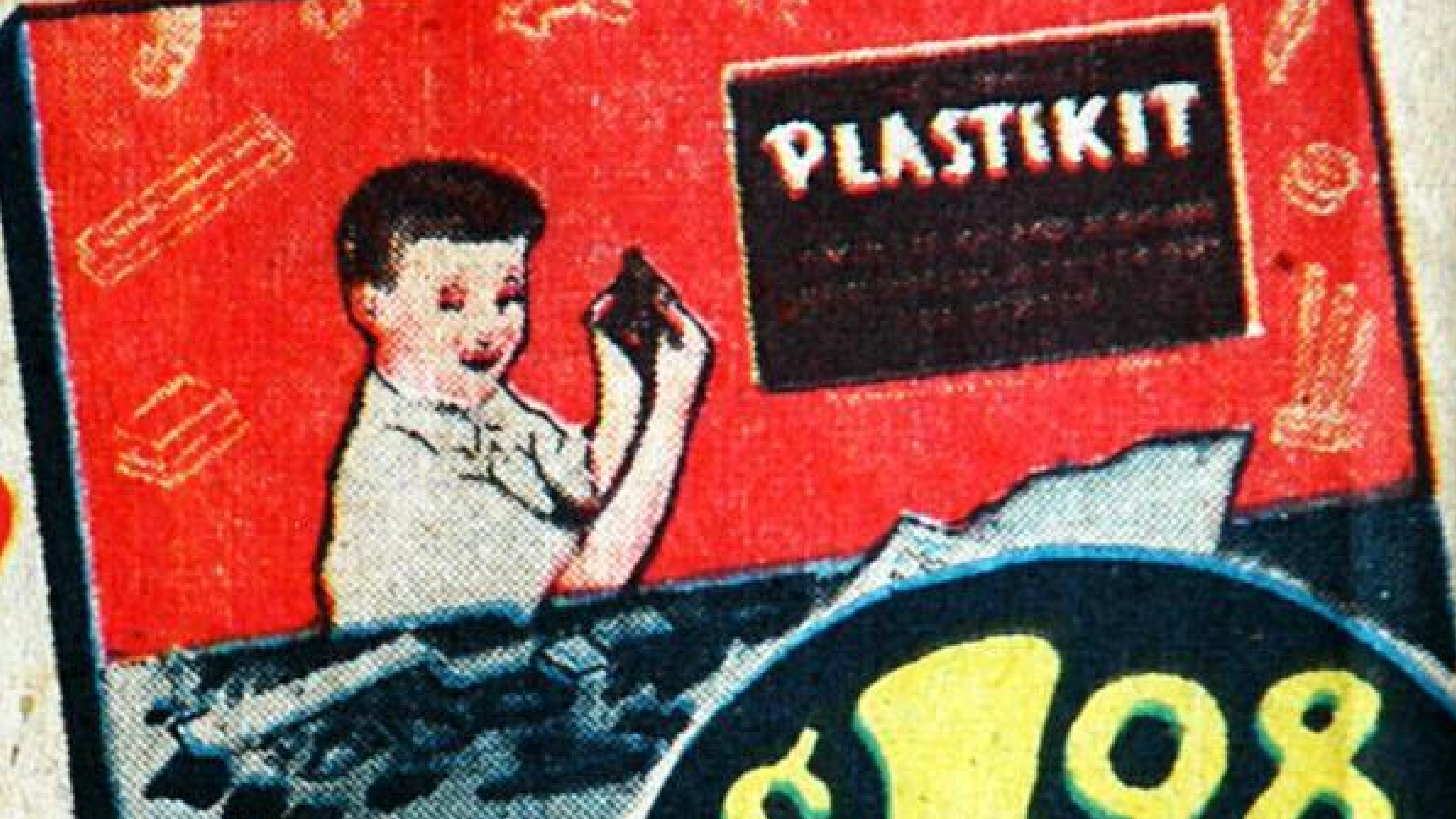

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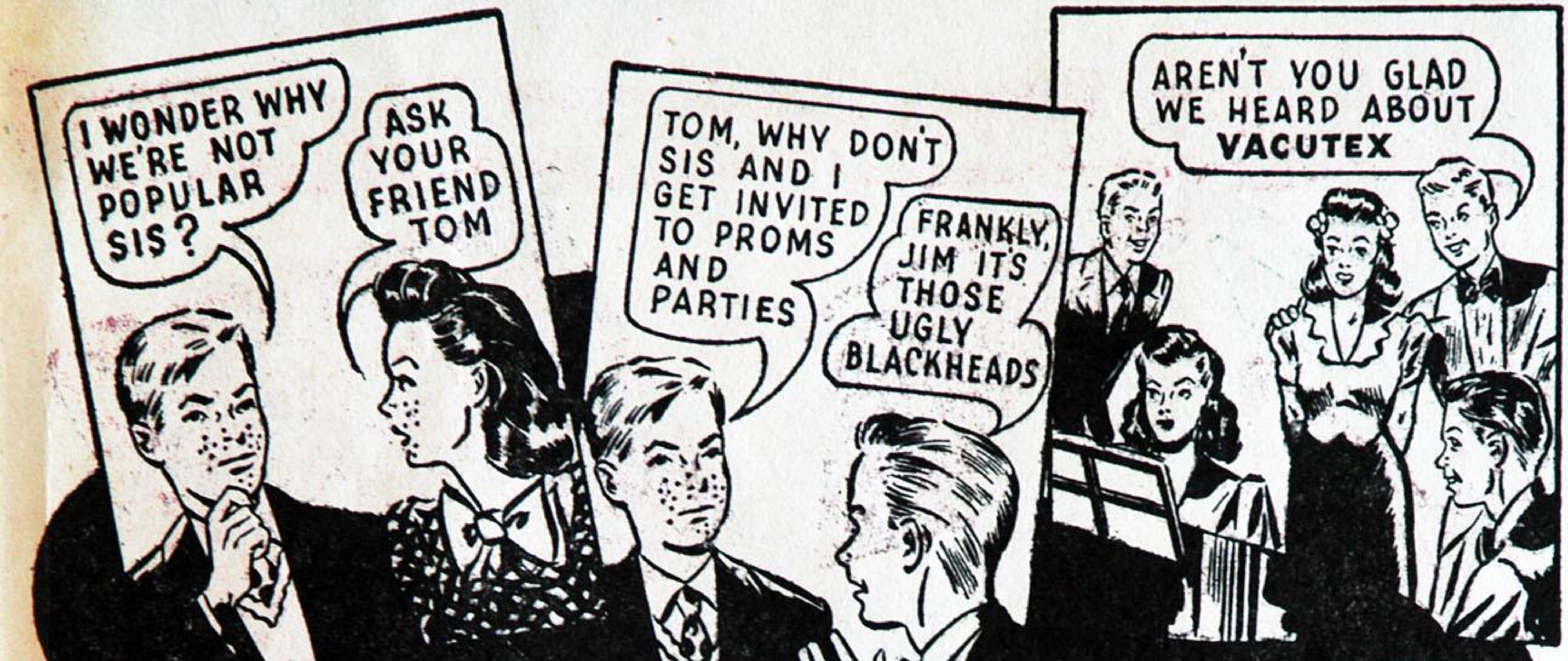
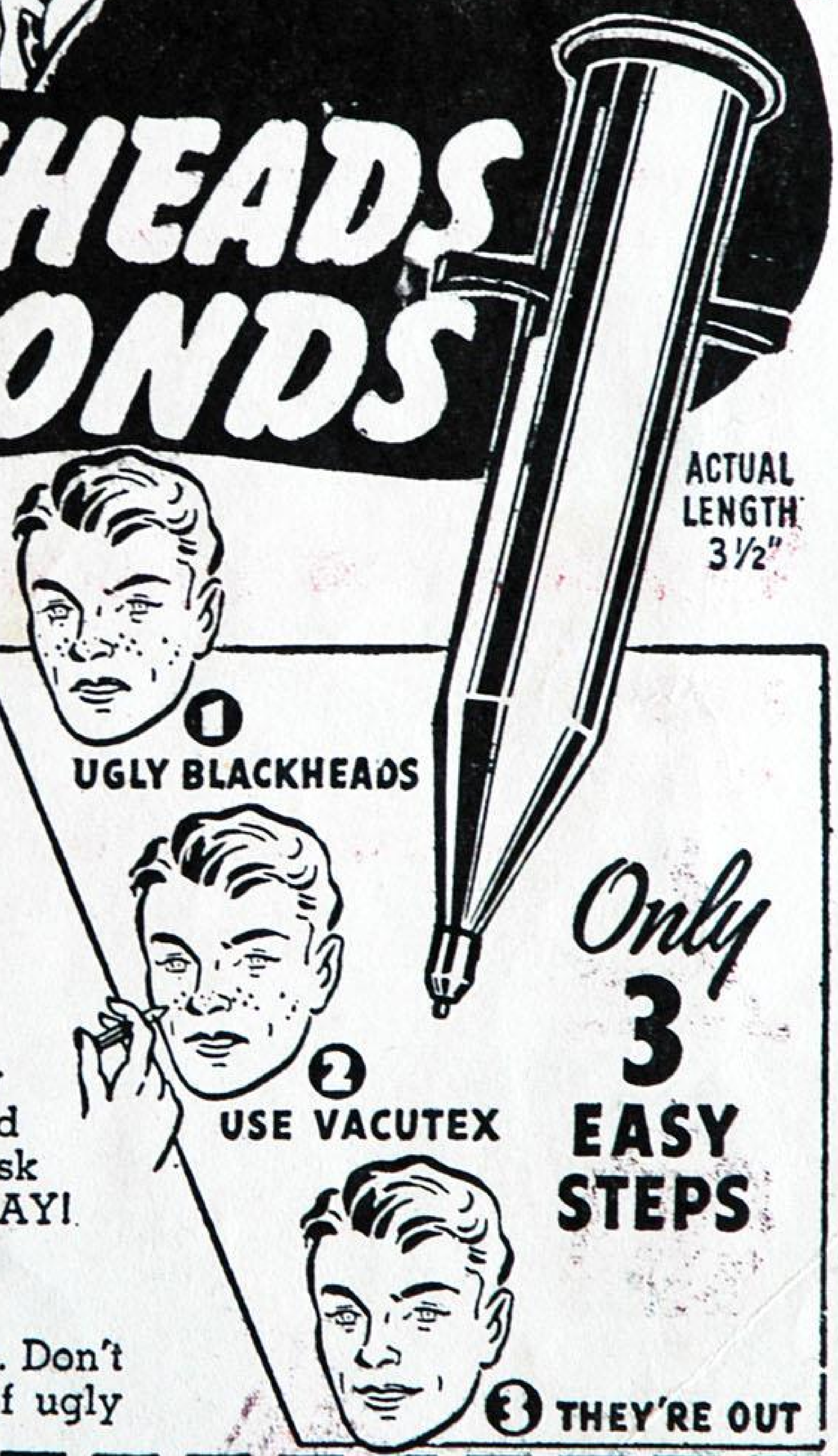

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?
ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM
TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES
FRANKLY, JIM ITS THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS
AREN'T YOU GLAD WE HEARD ABOUT VACUTEX

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT IN SECONDS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